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THE CRISIS

JUNE, 1928

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PROGRESS AND SERVICE

PROGRESS

The Southern Aid Society of Va., Inc., takes pleasure in announcing an increase in its Paid Up Capital Stock from $100,000 to $150,000. The added capital will make it possible for the corporation to further develop its business and field of operation, and likewise to afford greater security for its contracts.

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Richmond, Va.

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Respectfully yours,
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For Alma Mater

ANNUALLY at this season of the year the thoughts of many of us are stirred by memories of happy friendships and sacred associations when the mail brings a call to a class reunion, alumni dinner, or announcement of another Commencement. Many of us go back in person to the Beloved Mother to whom we owe so much, to renew these friendships, to show reverence to those whose exactions made life such a trial in the days now gone. For, admit it or not, the lives of all of us are marked by habits of thought and action forced upon us, perhaps unwillingly, during the years spent at school, college or university.

For most teachers, lawyers, physicians, business and professional men and women of whatever kind, happiness and success in later life is due directly to the school, college, or university whose teachings we put to daily use. What practical evidence do we give of gratitude to Alma Mater? When we read of another million left to Yale, Harvard, or Princeton, are we reminded that five or ten thousand from one of us would be proportionately far more appreciated by one of our own schools? Payment of such a debt of gratitude is not a hard matter for many of us.

Life Insurance has been designed to provide funds for just such a purpose. Perhaps we fail to realize this when we read of hundreds of thousands of dollars left to some Medical School, or another million left to some already large endowment fund. Our school officials who berate us for ingratitude may likewise be failing in appreciation of the practical means by which these funds are accumulated. For a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year as a life insurance premium you can add five thousand dollars to the endowment fund of one of our own schools. How many are not able to do more than this!

If only one hundred men and women this year would take this means of repaying a debt of gratitude to Alma Mater, some five hundred thousand dollars would be added to the endowments of our own schools in the course of time. If only a thousand loyal alumni could be induced to set aside a hundred dollars a year for Life Insurance for the endowment of these schools, in the course of time and with small effort, some five million dollars would be provided for perpetuating for incalculably greater usefulness the sources of our own aspirations and ideals. Do the memories of Alma Mater mean less than this to you?

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THE TEACHER WHO CONSIDERS SUMMER SCHOOL IS A SERIOUS INDIVIDUAL WITH NO TIME TO WASTE. HE HAS A DEFINITE AIM IN VIEW: TO TAKE COURSES DEFINITELY LEADING TO A COLLEGE DEGREE OR WHICH WILL HAVE DEFINITE BEARING ON HIS EFFICIENCY AS A TEACHER AND ON HIS EARNING CAPACITY. THE FISK SUMMER SESSION IS DESIGNED FOR THIS TYPE OF TEACHER. IT IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY STATE SUPERINTENDENTS BECAUSE OF ITS EFFICIENT FACULTY AND ITS WIDE VARIETY OF COURSES. THE NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL STUDENT ARE STUDIED BY EXPERTS AND HE IS ADVISED HOW TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF THE SUMMER PERIOD. A LETTER TO THE DEAN OF THE UNIVERSITY STATING YOUR PURPOSE IN DOING SUMMER SCHOOL WORK WILL BRING A PROMPT REPLY INDICATING WHAT COURSES WILL BEST SUIT YOUR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS. A BULLETIN OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL IS NOW READY.

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THE CRISIS

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, *Editor and Manager*

Volume 35, No. 6 **Contents for June, 1928** *Whole No. 212*

	Page
COVER. Drawing. "A Jungle Nymph". By Alan Freelon.	
AS THE CROW FLIES	185
FRONTISPIECE. Mrs. Yolande Du Bois Cullen	186
DAYS. A Prize Story. By Brenda Ray Moryck	187
THE AMERICAN UPLIFT IN HAITI. Illustrated. By Clement Wood	189
SO THE GIRL MARRIES. Illustrated	192
THE N. A. A. C. P. BATTLE FRONT. Illustrated	194
THE LITTLE PAGE. Illustrated. By Effie Lee Newsome	195
THE POET'S CORNER. Illustrated. Poems by Marjorie Marshall, Claude McKay, Frank Horne, Georgia Douglas Johnson	196
ALONG THE COLOR LINE. Illustrated	197
THE BROWSING READER	202
POSTSCRIPT. By W. E. B. Du Bois	203
THE FAR HORIZON	212

THE July CRISIS will have an article on the League of Nations in its relation to the Darker races written by Mabel J. Byrd. The August number is the Education Number. We want pictures of all colored graduates who have won distinction. Remember our monthly prizes.

As the Crow Flies

CHURCHILL has announced his new English budget of income and expense for next year. It relieves rich corporations from local taxation. There is much rejoicing in the Press which these corporations own.—Poincaré counts a majority of 200 in the new French Parliament. The Communists lost heavily. There was no change of thought or wish in France but a successful manipulation of election results. The U. S. A. expects eleven and a quarter million of French blood taxes soon to help the poverty of our bond holders.—Egypt wants to talk out loud. "Shut up by seven P. M., May Second" shouts England and sends two hundred million dollars worth of the latest and biggest machines for murdering human beings to back its demand. Egypt shut up. —The Ameer is in Poland where the peasants are starving to line his sidewalks with beautiful carpets.—Mr. Lowenstein and fifteen secretaries and servants, together with some titled aristocrats from Belgium, are looking over super-power investments in the United States. The price of our electricity will soon provide for a sixteenth servant and a duke.—May Day has come and gone. Bela Kun has been jailed. Austria is making the world much safer for autocracy.—The divine right of Hollywood to supply films for the world has been vindicated by American big business in France.—George Wilkins, with little splurge, has flown over the top of the world. Byrd is still walking around and advertising what he is going to do.—In Nicaragua we have sent five more airplanes with plenty of shot and shell to advertise the blessing of American peace.—In China, the Southern Allies, the Northern forces and the Japanese, are fighting for Tsinan. The outlook for China is cloudy but at least the Chinese have for the first time been allowed a voice in Shanghai.—We honor six foreign flyers with medals. We did not applaud the Frenchman and the Italian because the newspapers did not tell us to. We went quite wild over the Germans and the Irishman because New York is the capital of Ireland.—There has been an election in Chicago. Everybody won except the taxpayers.—The Boulder Dam, designed to curb Colorado waters, either for cheap electricity or for monopoly, is still a major political question. The debate hinges on which of the two words should come first.—The Presidential Campaign is becoming fast and merry. In return for several cabinet offices handed to the South, Mr. Smith will be nominated at Houston. In return for "hands-off corporations", Mr. Hoover will be nominated in Kansas. If neither of these predictions prove true, something equally dangerous will.—In German and French restaurants waiters pay for the privilege of receiving tips. In some New York Coffee Shops girls pay ten dollars a week in order to collect alms at the rate of fifteen dollars a day. The Pullman Company will probably begin soon to charge the porters.—Sharkey and Delaney fought. Delaney with eyes glazed, creeping on his knees "like a wounded animal in distress, with blood streaming from ear, mouth and nose", lost to Sharkey, who returned to his corner "wildly weeping". Ain't Mexican Bull fights awful?—Lindbergh looked at one and now We have been sentenced to the Smithsonian Institution. Served us Orville Wright.

The CRISIS is published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Mrs. Yolande Du Bois Cullen

Days

A Prize Story

By BRENDA RAY MORYCK

THERE was the day that Mrs. Randolph went to see about the apartment.—A silver day.—A silver day in a silver month. Silver sunshine,—silver sky,—silver trees,—silver sidewalks,—and silver promises everywhere in the air.

The Greek real estate agent shrewdly eyed his client and rubbed his hands appreciatively over the dingy radiator in his grubby little office.—Not in appreciation of its faint heat however,—no,—only in happy anticipation of securing at last a desirable tenant for his tiny, third-rate flat.

Mrs. Randolph was desirable,—eminently so. In the first place she had money. Diamonds on her fingers,—not too many,—just enough to announce wealth and good taste,—furs around her neck,—elegant fur,—fine gloves which fitted hands that had never known work,—dainty shoes,—a soft, dark, silk dress occassionally disclosed between the flaps of the handsome, heavy coat, and a small beautiful hat, very attractively tilted to the left side of the head.—And serene eyes and quiet hands.

The rent would never be late.—Money.

And culture. Mrs. Randolph was a lady. The low, mellow voice accompanied by the swift, direct look out of kindly, yet experienced, dark eyes,—the rare, flashing smile,—the well-chosen words of her language, the deliberate manner, at once charming and practical, so easy and yet so elegant,—the whole general air about her bespoke the gentlewoman. Such a fine-looking woman too. Tall, handsome, statuesque, with curling raven's-wing hair most unexpectedly streaked with gray, framing a face mature with worldly wisdom but still young in sympathy and outlook. Such magnificent bearing and carriage. Of course she was dark—very dark,—almost black enough to be a nigger. French perhaps—or Spanish. Yes, that was it,—Spanish. That accounted for the slightly oriental expression in the eyes, and the high-bridged nose and the protruding white teeth gleaming between the small pretty mouth. Of course. Spanish.

A TENANT like that would raise the value of property all around,—lift the whole tone of the neighborhood. He sighed and rubbed his hands again, this time with appreciation and regret. What a pity he had placed the rent at such a low figure since she particularly wanted to locate in that vicinity.

"Your husband is a lawyer, Mrs. Randolph?" he inquired ingratiatingly.

"Yes, he is a lawyer. His offices aren't far from here,—in the Lawyer's Building. That is why this is such a convenient location. We haven't been married very long," (this simply, and without any self-conscious smirking), "and I am a stranger here. I'd like to be near enough to his business so that he can come home to lunch. Then, too, this is near the Tubes."

Oh! of course. Five minutes walk—twenty-five cents taxi fare to the rapid transit line to New York. She would spend much time in New York. All fine ladies did. It would be some time before she discovered that the neighborhood was déclassé. By that dark time, the lease would be in operation and she would be used to the convenient nearness of all things desirable.

Yes, she could have the flat—have it at once.

"But I'd like to bring my husband first," Mrs. Randolph demurred as the agent prepared to bind the bargain immediately. "Perhaps you wish to talk with him."

"No need—no need." He waved his hands and laughed facetiously. "I know who is the boss in any family when I see the lady, I don't need to see the husband. If you're satisfied,—well,—the same here."

So Mrs. Randolph rented the apartment.—And went forth into the silver day, in the silver month, key in hand, to measure the windows for the dainty voile curtains she meant to put up, and to estimate the amount of old ivory enamel and floor stain and wax, and the number of rolls of imported paper she would need to make the little place over into her home,—her first home with her husband.

A silver day in a silver month,—and silver promises everywhere in the air.

* * *

THERE was the day that the neighbors went to demand satisfaction from the landlord who had rented to niggers.—A black day. A black day in a treacherous month. Treacherous skies, and black clouds,—black clouds too sullen to rain,—leaden mood, menacing, threatening, and hate everywhere in the air,—black looks and hate.

Outrageous, insulting, unendurable. The very idea! Niggers living on the street. Right next door and across the street, and down the street and around the corner! Niggers! They'd see about this thing. Those niggers would either move or they'd know the reason why. What did Rocci think they were anyway, a bunch of wops or sheenies that they'd live in the same row with niggers? Besides, they had their business interests to look out for. No paying roomers would take lodgings on a block with niggers,—not even the most undesirable. And Mrs. Keenan had lost trade recently. The fellows and girls didn't come in any more in the day like they used to,—only at night. And Mrs. O'Hennessy's beaus sort of quit showing up before dark, and went out so quietly you couldn't hear them, which was a bad sign. They were always quiet when they didn't get what they wanted or quite *all* they wanted. Now it was niggers that had scared them. As for Mr. Schlitski and the still in his cellar—! All that good home brew! *Still* was right since that damned nigger lawyer had moved into the block. Gosh! what was the country coming to? It must be darned hard up when it had to get a nigger for assistant district attorney.

They'd see.

"Rocci thought he was puttin' one over on us,—the damned skunk!" Mrs. Heery announced angrily to Mrs. O'Kelley as she jabbed a gaudy, brass hat-pin into a loud, cheap hat, and jammed it down rakishly over a somewhat bleery blue eye. "I smelt a rat the minute I put my peepers on the woman. I sez to Mick that night when he come home, 'Gosh, there's a swell-lookin' dame took Rocci's empty flat at 68.' 'Yea' he answers, kind o' disinterested like. You know Mick. 'Any kids?' Mick's death on kids. 'Not so's you'd notice 'em,' sez I. 'I ain't seen nobody but *her yit*. But b'lieve me, Kid, somepun's wrong when a dame what kin wear them cloes an' has got them manners moves into a little flat like that in this here neighborhood.' "

"H'MPH!" sniffed Mrs. O'Kelley. "This neighborhood ain't so bad. I've seen lots worse,—over in Jew town an' out in little Italy. When you look up an' down this here street an' don't know nuthin' about it, it looks swell as it ever was. That's why I like it. It looks classy."

"Yea, *looks!*" Mrs. Heery gave a shrill guffaw and poked her companion familiarly. "But me an' you knows diffrunt. We lives here. But we ain't a-goner have the tone spoiled by niggers, I'll tell the world. Gosh! when I

seen that nigger husband o' hers, I near died. An' Mick wanted to go right down an' knock Rocci's block off, only I wouldn't let him."

"Yea, this is much better. Do it dignified. All of us together,—a delegation like,—protestin' against insult. Jim was fer callin' out the Ku Klux right away. He's Grand Goblin of the branch you know, but I sez we don't want to give this thing too much air. It'll hurt the roomers an' then,—well, we don't want the p'lice snoopin' around here. Sometimes they take up fer these niggers. Sure! An' since the coon's got a official position too. Jim sez he stands in down at the City Hall."

Mrs. Heery snapped shut the clasp on her yellow fur neck-piece and jerked aside the tawdry lace curtains screening her wide second-story window. "That's neither here nor there," she tossed over her sharp little shoulder. "I ain't half so mad at the niggers as I am at Rocci fer puttin' 'em in. My Gawd! was it midnight when he looked at the man? I kin see where he got took in on the woman, especially with them cloes and that air. Even Dutchy says he can't believe she's a nigger. He says she talks an' acts just like them swells down on Clinton Avenue when he used to keep a shop down there before it went sheeney and she buys the same kind o' meat. But my Gawd! her husband—! Come on,—Mrs. Keenan and Mrs. Stebbins and Mrs. Schmidt is all ready, an' the rest'll be there. All except that damn dago. Said he wouldn't join in. Said he saw them all the time and their company an' they was nice people,—kind and like fine ladies in his country. His country! Gosh, that's what comes o' lettin' scum o' the earth run all over the United States."

"HE always did look simple to me. Always bowin' an' grinnin'. He did good work though, an' he's cheap.

"Yea, but nary a shoe o' mine will he ever remember fixin' fer me again.—Look they're goin'. Gosh! wait 'till we git through with Rocci, the rotten bum."

"What can you expect?" asked Mrs. O'Kelley with rhetorical airiness, as she flipped a dirty powder-puff against a thin turn-up oblong-tipped nose and gave a final squirt of cheap perfume to some frizzled ash-blonde hair. "Rocci's nothin' but a dirty foreigner hisself. Maybe he did it a purpose."

"Well, we'll see."

So the notice to move was angrily served.—And Mr. Randolph went blackly forth to court to battle about his lease while Mrs. Randolph remained at home and cried.—Her cozy little apartment which love and taste and money had made so beautiful,—her first home with her husband!

A black day. A black day in a treacherous month and hate and evil everywhere—black looks and hate.

THEN there was the day that lovely Mrs. Leighton came to call,—a golden day—and the neighbors decided that those colored people needn't move. A golden day in a glorious month. Golden sunshine,—pink-blue sky,—yellow-green buds, and glowing mood. Precious mood and radiant sky—and golden promises in the air.

And lovely Mrs. Leighton driving up to call. An exquisite woman altogether,—patrician from the smart, little, black silk hat, covering the masses of glorious gold-brown hair with copper glints, to the daintily shod, high-arched feet,—fair-skinned, wistful-eyed, sweet-mouthed,—sweet.

Mrs. O'Kelley, sweeping off the front, spied her first and rang Mrs. Heery's bell. And Mrs. Heery called up Mrs. Stebbins and left it to her to tip off the rest of the neighborhood as to the worthwhileness of suspending all regular afternoon operations in order to keep a sharp look-out front, before she accepted the box seat next to Mrs. O'Kelley in the latter's parlor bay window.

Those colored people couldn't be just ordinary niggers after all. Not when they had elegant white people like that coming to see them. Of course, Mrs. Leighton was white. Certainly. She had a nigger chauffeur and niggers didn't work for other niggers.

THEN too, there was that time before when she came in the taxi and that grand looking man and another fine lady had come with her. The dago across the way had told them Mrs. Randolph had gone away,—he was always mixing himself up in other people's business, trying to please,—bowing and grinning from his shop window like a silly ape. They had written a note and then walked leisurely away. Mrs. Keenan had followed them and they had gone to the Robert Treat and had dinner. Niggers weren't allowed to put their peepers inside the door there,—not even as bell-hops. Mrs. Keenan had engaged the table next to theirs so she could hear them talk and gee! they were some swell. Of course, she was white. Cadillac car, nigger chauffeur, astrakan coat, kolinsky trimming! Some rich!

"They must be terrible intimate," Mrs. O'Kelley smacked out as she wallowed the huge gaub of gum under her upper lip to the left jaw teeth and rocked to and fro complacently. "She comes here quite often. Noo Yawk license too."

"Yea," responded Mrs. Heery reflectively. "It's a swell car, sure. An' that fur coat! I priced 'em. Fifteen and eighteen hundred dollars. Salisbury-Jacobson's the only place that carries 'em in this burg."

"I mean the whole she-bang looks good, car standin' in the street,—coon sittin' on the front an' that swell dame on the stoop. 'Course, all her company's been good-lookin' an' some of 'em mighty near white, too, an' never nothin' dirty or suspicious-like about their actions either."

"Yea. It makes the street look good. Anyone comin' along an' seein' this here friend o' hers goin' in an' out so often would think all the swells that used to live here didn't move away after all.—Listen, Celia,—*look*, here they both come! Now ain't they a grand sight!—Umph! Look at the coon hold open that door! My Gawd! see him touch his cap to *her* too! Gosh! —I wonder where they're goin'."

"Noo Yawk, you bet cher life!"

"Yea—mos' likely."

SILENCE for some time afterwards. A slackening of the violent gum-chewing and a softening of the raucous squeaking of the rocker. Silence and much thinking.

Then:

"Say Celia,—listen," slowly from Mrs. O'Kelley. "I been thinkin' maybe Rocci wasn't such a dumb fool after all for puttin' 'em in. Maybe he was lyin' when he said he never seen the husband 'till afterwards, an' thought the woman was Spanish."

"Yea," in a squelched tone from Mrs. Heery. "I bin thinkin' the same thing. So's Mick."

"Maybe we was kind o' hasty-like when we made Rocci serve 'em notice," timidly ventured again by Mrs. O'Kelley. "Jim sez her husband knows O'Hara an' O'Toole an' Teeling down at the City Hall an' they all say he's a good fellow.—What d'ye say we tell Rocci—."

"Yea, let's."

So the Randolphs were told that they needn't go,—a golden day. A golden day in a glorious month. They needn't move because the neighbors had decided that high class colored people wouldn't ruin the block. Of course, they hadn't known what they would be like. Down where they came from niggers did nothing but wield razors and drink booze. The Randolphs were different. So clean and quiet and so refined.—Yes,—they might stay.

A GOLDEN day. A golden day in a lovely month, and radiance everywhere in the air,—radiance and tolerant feeling.

(*Will you please turn to page* 206)

The American Uplift in Haiti

By CLEMENT WOOD

VI.

WHY did Occupation & Uplift come in? As a capitalistic empire, we needed surplus markets; and Haiti lay at our side entrance. Moreover, it fell within the allotted sphere of influence of the National City Bank of New York. The history of Haiti during the first quarter of the twentieth century is a footnote to the annals of that bank.

Haiti's debt, before the World War, was owed to France, and amounted to 40,000,000 francs. By September, 1922, this had increased to 87,023,425 francs, valued at the time, due to the depreciation of the franc, at $6,971,874 in American currency.[6] Haiti wished to pay off this debt, taking advantage of the low state of the franc. The National City Bank arranged, with the French bankers, to inherit their role. Out of the impenetrable forest of financial ingenuity, Haiti emerges with a debt in the neighborhood of $40,000,000,[7] with various mismanaged projects, such as the Port-au-Prince to Cape Haitien railway, no more built today than the ferry between Upernivik and Point Barrow, also paying toll to the same bank. The Banque Nationale d'Haiti became a willing Jonah to the whale activities of the New York institution.

The distribution of the budgets in 1914 and 1926 needs no comment. In 1914, with a population of more than two million Haitians, 31,000,000 gourdes was devoted to internal expenditures. The 1926 budget, with the gourde stabilized at 20c American, provides:

	Gourdes
American functionaries and their offices....	13,169,392.60
Charges on external debt	11,336,872.28
Internal expenditures exclusive of American functionaries ...	8,475,008.99

Of the total 1926 budget of 32,981,273.87 gourdes, less than nine million gourdes goes to internal expenditures; as contrasted with the 31,000,000 gourdes in 1914.[8]

[6] Memorandum of Perceval Thoby, President of the Union Patriotique d'Haiti, read in the United States Senate, on March 10, 1926, by Senator King of Utah. p. 7.

[7] An Answer, by Thoby, already cited. p. 5.

[8] Finances D'Haiti. La Crise Economique. By Georges Séjourné. Port-au-Prince, 1926.

Second Installment of an Investigation Made for THE CRISIS *in* 1928

HOW did Occupation & Uplift come in? In about four years, before 1915, Haiti had six or more presidents; ending in the murder of President Sam, after one of his subordinates had ordered the execution of 140 political prisoners in a courtyard of the jail at Port-au-Prince. With all due respects to that dyspeptic institution called democracy, I hold, contrary to the nationalists, that this called for intervention—for a control of the polls, to make sure of a fair election; for assistance in maintaining order, in the interim between elections; for a withdrawal, after order was secured.

The nationalists insist that American capital instigated and in part financed the various upsets in Haiti just prior to 1915; as it has done in Mexico and other lands promising rich booty. This is doubtless in part true; buried facts, tending to establish this, are constantly being exhumed.

The election of a Haitian president, according to the successive constitutions, is in the hands of the Haitian Congress, which in turn is elected by the people. Since shortly after 1915, there has been no election held in Haiti; nor, indeed, any session of the Congress. Our Marine General Smedley C. Butler dissolved the Congress, with drawn bayonets, in the days when he was the officer in charge there. The Occupation & Uplift has seen to it that there has been no Congress and no election since.[9]

INSTEAD, picking of a president is now illegally exercised by the Council of State. This group, similar to our president's cabinet, originated as a temporary body organized by presidential decree in 1916.[10] The president handpicks the council; and it, in turn, in shrewd gratitude, continues him in office. President Dartignave, originator of this closed corporation electing, went out in 1922, a casualty of a secret night meeting of 14 members, or a quorum, of the Council of State, called by Louis Borno, one of its members, an ineligible candidate. Borno is the son of a French Negro from Guadaloupe; the constitutions all provide that the president must be a Haitian, and the son of a Haitian. Borno's father was not naturalized for nine years after the present president's birth; Borno's brother, and all but two of his nephews, are registered at the French Legation in Haiti as French citizens: the two exceptions being nephews naturalized as Haitians.[11]

AS late as 1926, the Haitian nationalists sought to insist upon an election, as provided for in their constitution. An American Marine officer prevented this, ignoring an order of the Haitian courts requiring that the polls be opened. In the town of Leogane, the American-officered gendarmerie fired on the voters, wounding several.[12]

Once Americans were sensitive about taxation without representation. Now they force this upon a neighboring republic, at the dictate of affected American financial interests.

How do Occupation & Uplift finance themselves? First of all, Financial Adviser Cumberland has increased the customs duties. A merchant pays these high duties, pro-rates them over his stock of goods, and disposes of the merchandise; whereupon, the Customs Office sends him a statement, months afterwards, for Supplementary Duties on the same goods. This entails anarchy in business, and either bankruptcy or excessive speculative profiteering, in an endeavor to anticipate the future's Supplementary Duties.[13]

A few examples, in small, of how these duties work. A captain of Marines received an annual gift from the hospital at Washington with which he had once been officially connected. The gift consisted of less than a dol-

[9] Memorandum, by Thoby, already cited. p. 8.

[10] Memorandum, by Thoby, already cited. p. 2.

[11] Memorandum, by Thoby, already cited, pp. 2, 3. This contains a full statement of the matter. In the main cemetery of Port-au-Prince, we saw the grave of Borno's father, the tombstone stating that he was a native of Guadaloupe. One of the two nephews last referred to is at present Haitian consul in New York City.

[12] Memorandum, by Thoby, pp. 4 and 5, already cited, gives this in full.

[13] As I write, I have before me a slip, République D'Haiti, Service des Douanes, for supplementary duty on "1 *livre non denomme*," amounting to 0.20 gourdes, or four cents, charged against the owner a month after he received the book, and paid the original duty. A full discussion appears in Memorandum, by Thoby, already cited, page 7.

lar's worth of toilet preparations. He had to pay a duty of $4.20 on this. The wife of a Chief Petty Officer sent from Norfolk less than three dollars' worth of silk sox to her husband, then in Haiti. The duty paid was $4.50. On opening the package, it was found that rats aboard the Kittery, the government transport, had eaten off the soles of the sox. Three months later, his paymaster informed the officer that he had deducted from the officer's salary a supplementary duty of $1.20 on the same sole-less sox. A girl sent her photograph to a young Marine; the duty on this was fixed at $16.00. Feeling that no return of the picture could be explained, he paid the duty. The duties on typewriters, automobiles, and all forms of machinery are exorbitant. A package of 15c American cigarettes sells in Haiti for 35c; the only gouging is done by the customs department. Excellent Haitian cigarettes sell at 4c per package of twenty.

THE money thus secured pays the various tolls exacted by the National City Bank; the exorbitant salaries of American officials quartered upon the Haitians; the supplementary salaries paid to officers of the American Marines serving as officers of the Haitian gendarmerie; the $52,706.60 drawn by Borno, for salary, household, stables, automobile expenses, secret service, and the like, plus $5,000 to him and his cabinet for trip expenses;[14] the $308,012 for uplift annually in agricultural education; and other superimposed costs of the Uplift.

[14] Bulletins Officiel, République d'Haiti, 1923-1927; and also Answer, by Thoby, already cited, p. 2. for this and the item following.

VII.

LET us turn to education, that cornerstone of future failure. Upper class Haitians were and are educated in Europe: the culture of a Pierre Hudicourt, a Perceval Thoby, an Etienne Mathon, a Pauleus Sannon, or of thousands of others, being as superior to that of Calvin Coolidge as the culture of Bertrand Russell to that of Elmer Gantry.

The lower class Haitians are educated in the local schools. The government, boasting of its economy, recently published a list of schools it had discontinued, teachers it had eliminated, and schools it had combined.[15]

Instead of this, agricultural schools, officered by Americans, have been installed. Pupils at these schools are paid, and paid well, to attend. For the 100,000 pupils in the ordinary schools, not yet under the Uplift, 2,000,000 gourdes is provided in the budget; for the few hundreds—about one-thirtieth as many—in these agricultural schools, 2,500,000 gourdes is provided. The salary of the teacher in the ordinary schools is from $4 to $6 a month; that of the similar teacher in the agricultural schools, $20 and up a month.[16] The pupils in the agricultural schools are drawn largely or wholly from city children, including many relatives of the Bornites. When these children have finished the courses, and pocketed their last payments, they do not care to become farmers, or even to teach the hill farmers; every upper class Haitian becomes a professional man. The teachers, by the way, are Americans, ignorant of French; they teach through interpreters.[17]

Modern scientific agriculture—while wholesale deforestration, to fuel the primitive Hasco train engines, goes on.

"I've done a lot for Haiti," President Borno, cultured and of pleasing appearance, said to me. "I've just had some strawberry plants and peach trees planted up in the mountains." This is in the tropics: his achievement is as sound as if Coolidge had set out mangoes in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Supplementary education, by some heaven-sent inspiration, is furnished the adult peasants by radio. A loud speaker has been installed in the midst of the babel of the open-air market at Port-au-Prince, with its thousands of noisily bickering vendors and purchasers. Through this, lectures on modern agriculture and Haitian economics are occasionally delivered. The one time at which we heard this radio functioning, it was rendering "Bye Bye Blackbird" from some American station. No one, except us, paid any attention to this. We knew it was not broadcast from Haiti; for it has been banned, along with "Old Black Joe," "The Darktown Strutters Ball," and all songs referring to Negroes, since the official band unfortunately struck into it, at the very moment that Presi-

Bal Mascarade of the Club Mariani, Port-au-Prince, Haiti

[15] Bulletins Officiel du Departement de l'Instruction Publique, Port-au-Prince, 1924-1926. An Answer, by Thoby, already cited, pp. 1-3.

[16] Les Ecoles dépendant du Département de l'Instruction Publique, in Le Courrier Haitien, Port-au-Prince, Mercredi 30—Jeudi 31 Mars 1927.

[17] An Answer, by Thoby, already cited. (p. 3.) for this and the item concerning education by radio.

dent Borno drove away from the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of a new hospital building.

VIII.

DOWN to 1918, foreigners could not own land in Haiti. The constitution of that Occupied year granted this right, to terminate five years after the foreigners left the country, or their corporations ceased to function. Since 1925, under pressure of the High Commissioner, foreigners are allowed to hold land on the same terms as Haitians.

The purpose of the prohibition was to allow the peasants to continue to farm their own lands, and to prevent the formation of a rural proletariat. Few of the natives can produce written titles to their lands, held a hundred or more years in the family without challenge. Now the Occupation & Uplift and the Bornites are challenging the possessors to produce their titles, on penalty of confiscation. Confiscated lands are easily acquired by such corporations as the pineapple trust in the north, and the Hasco (Haitian-American Sugar Company) in the south.[18]

Lands used for political meetings unfriendly to the Occupation & Uplift and Borno are being confiscated similarly. This is now happening to the Carrié property, owned by the family of the president of the Union Patriotique.[19] Many of the judges, who hold office for life, refuse to share in this legalized theft; the process of absorbing the courts, by the Occupation & Uplift, is thriving. Borno has just suppressed the Court of First Instance of the District of Aquin, in the south; and next year, perhaps, newly appointed judges there will be properly subservient.[20]

A MARINE sergeant, ranking as captain in the gendarmerie, acts as preliminary judge in criminal matters. We attended his court, admired his good-natured control, and were especially impressed by one case. An elderly Haitian woman possessed a sow, and no boar; accordingly, she took her sow to the boar of an elderly Haitian man, promising him one of the farrow of pigs in payment. Three pigs were born; she refused to surrender any; and the man haled her to court. Her defense was that the service had been unsatisfactory, and that she had had to send her sow to another boar. The American judge was called upon to decide the paternity of the young pig. This land's judicature requires the subtlety of a super-Solomon, instead of the brains of an American Marine.

Confiscation of titles, plus the ruinous financial policy, heaviest on the peasants, sends them emigrating to the sugar fields of Cuba. For a long time, relatives of Borno received so much per head for each emigré. In 1924, 21,013 emigrated, less than 7,000 returning. In 1925, the emigres exceeded 30,000. Altogether, some 150,000 peasants have lost in this fashion.[21]

IX.

THE uplift in civil rights is the most unpopular of all. Borno is so sensitive to criticism, that, in the last three years, more than 27 journalists have been imprisoned for various forms of lese majesty.[22]

At times these writers have been held six to seven months in jail, without trial. The spy system is universal. Members of the Union Patriotique recognize the spies detailed to attend their meetings.

HAITI is definitely under the American flag; yet, so little does our Constitution associate with this, that in March of this year an American senator, W. H. King of Utah, was forbidden to enter the country by Borno, acting after consultation with High Commissioner Russell. The administration was in a panic at King's announced intention of paying them a visit; for he had already criticized some of the matters opened here. Senator King at this time was in Santo Domingo, the adjacent half of the island. Squads of Haitian gendarmerie, officered by Americans, were sent out, to build log barricades across every road entering Haiti from Santo Domingo; these were reinforced with barbed wire, to prevent forcible entry.[23]

Needless to say, the picture in Borno's mind, of an American senator audaciously charging through barricades, barbed wire, and deployed gendarmerie, did not materialize. This Zenith official stupidity achieved only one positive thing: it broadcast to the world that Haiti had something vital to hide, as, of course, every land has.

At the same time, Senator Shipstead was in Haiti, the guest of Colonel Harleigh of the Marines, ranking as General of the Gendarmerie.

He met none of the Haitian nationalist leaders; and when, at their request, I tried to arrange for him to meet them, he told me that all of his time was preempted by his host's absorbing schedule of entertainment. He told me that he had met many Haitians: peasants, extremely polite, who had welcomed him and his wife with *"Bon jour, blanc."* This was as if a distinguished foreign visitor to America had met only California fruit pickers, Minnesota miners, and New Orleans dock laborers, and regarded these as representative Americans.

X.

I HOLD no blanket brief for the nationalists. Many of them are disgruntled office-holders out of a job. No one exhibits a statemanlike conception of the proposition that the prosperity of a country requires the liberation, in every sense, of all the people: the equalization of education and opportunity among every Haitian. The islanders should not be indicted, of course, for failings we share.

Nor is it inevitable that the land, relieved of the Occupation and Uplift, would lift to even a tolerable Utopia. It might even descend to the governmental level of Chicago, Pennsylvania, Indiana, or some Nordic-ridden Southern state.

But surely the Haitians, as human beings, are entitled to make their own blunders in their own way. A wary eye on them, with perhaps an enforced closed season against killing presidents every six years, with an open sabbatical, might go far.

Bullying of small powers is not flattering to the greater: it indicates a suspicion that these can not govern themselves. And, of course, this is written in the full knowledge that the Occupation and Uplift will function on unimpeded. If imperialism is a necessary disease of capitalistic democracy, the uneasy stirrings of vicariously pained critics are as inevitable. There is no need for the flea in the tail of the dog to aspire to caninity.

"From the point of view of United States interests, in the most 'hard-boiled' sense, there is little to be said for the continuance of our Occupation of Haiti. American investments there have in general not proved a source of legitimate profits, but of loss . . . .

"From the point of view of Haiti's interests, it is not true that we are in Haiti solely as disinterested benefactors, nor that we can show clean hands in our business dealings there. If our officials have tried to benefit the people of Haiti, (as we believe they have), it is also true that the Occupation has cared for American financial interests there, of a none too creditable sort, at the expense of our poor and weak neighbor."

—*American Committee of Six*

[18] An Answer, by Thoby, already cited, p. 1. Memorandum, by Thoby, already cited, pp. 5, 6.

[19] La famille Carrie trainee sur le banc correctional par le Gouvernement. Le Nouvelliste, Port-au-Prince, Mercredi 27 Avril 1927. See also Le Courrier Haitien and Le Temps, of the same date.

[20] The recent files of the three Port-au-Prince newspapers referred to are full of this matter, as are both statements by M. Thoby.

[21] These figures are from the Memorandum of M. Thoby, p. 6, already cited. M. Séjourné, in Finances d'Haiti, already cited, on p. 13, gives 361,000 as the number of Haitian peasants who have emigrated to both Cuba and Santo Domingo.

[22] See recent files of the three Port-au-Prince newspapers referred to; also both writings by M. Thoby.

[23] Le Nouvelliste, Port-au-Prince, especially the issues of 16, 17, and 18 Mars, 1927.

So The Girl Marries

THE problem of marriage among our present American Negroes is a difficult one. On the one hand go conflicting philosophies: should we black folk breed children or commit biological suicide? On the other, should we seek larger sex freedom or closer conventional rules? Should we guide and mate our children like the French or leave the whole matter of sex intermingling to the chance of the street, like Americans? These are puzzling questions and all the more so because we do not often honestly face them.

I was a little startled when I became father of a girl. I scented far-off difficulties. But she became soon a round little bunch of Joy: plump and jolly, full of smiles and fun—a flash of twinkling legs and bubbling mischief. Always there on the broad campus of Atlanta University she was in scrapes and escapades—how many I never dreamed until years after: running away from her sleepy nurse; riding old Billy, the sage and dignified draft horse; climbing walls; bullying the Matron; cajoling the cooks and becoming the thoroughly spoiled and immeasurably loved Baby of the Campus. How far the spoiling had gone I became suddenly aware one summer, when we stopped a while to breathe the salt sea air at Atlantic City. This tot of four years marched beside me down the Boardwalk amid the unmoved and almost unnoticing crowd. She was puzzled. Never before in her memory had the world treated her quite so indifferently.

"Papa," she exclaimed at last, impatiently, "I guess they don't know I'm here!"

AS the Girl grew so grew her problems: School; Multiplication Tables; Playmates; Latin; Clothes—Boys! No sooner had we faced one than the other loomed, the last lingered—the next threatened. She went to Kindergarten with her playmates of the Campus—kids and half-grown-ups. The half-grown-ups, Normal students, did me the special courtesy of letting the Girl dawdle and play and cut up. So when she came at the age of ten to the Ethical Culture School in New York there loomed the unlearned Multiplication Table; and a time we had! For despite all proposals of "letting the Child develop as it Will!", she must learn to read and count; and the school taught her—but at a price!

Then came the days of gawky growth; the impossible children of the street; someone to play with; wild tears at going to bed; excursions, games—and far, far in the offing, the shadow of the Fear of the Color Line.

I had a Grand Idea. Before the time loomed—before the Hurt pierced and lingered and festered, off to England she should go for high school and come back armed with manners and knowledge, cap-a-pie, to fight American race hate and insult. Off the Girl went to Bedale's, just as war thundered in the world. As a professor of Economics and History, I knew the war would be short—a few months. So away went Mother and Girl. Two mighty years rolled turbulently by and back came both through the Submarine Zone. The Girl had grown. She was a reticent stranger with whom soul-revealing converse was difficult. I found myself groping for continual introductions.

THEN came Latin. The English teacher talked Latin and his class at Bedale's romped with Caesar through a living Gallia. The American teacher in the Brooklyn Girl's High did not even talk English and regarded Latin as a crossword puzzle with three inches of daily solution. "Decline Stella!"; "Conjugate Amo"; "What is the sub-

THE BRIDE AND HER ATTENDANTS

The Misses Roberta Bosley, Ruth McGhee, Anna Welmon, Harriet Pickens, Etta Burwell, Helen Reynolds, Thelma Garland, Hilda Anderson, Alice Mundy, Gladys Byram, Ruth DeMond, Chita McCard, Kathryn McCracken, Mae Wright and Constance Murphy; together with Miss Margaret Welmon, Maid of Honor; and the Misses Annie Brown and Margaret Pennypacker, Soloists

ject of 'Gallia est omnis divisa——' ". "Nonsense," said the Girl (which was quite true) "I've dropped Latin!"

"But the colleges haven't," I moaned. "Why college?" countered the Girl.

Why indeed? I tried Cicero "pro Archia Poeta". The Girl was cold. Then I pleaded for my own spiritual integrity: "I have told 12 millions to go to college—what will they say if you don't go?" The Girl admitted that that was reasonable but she said she was considering marriage and really thought she knew about all that schools could teach effectively. I, too, was reasonable and most considerate, despite the fact that I was internally aghast. This baby—married—My God!—but, of course, I said aloud: Honorable state and all that; and "Go ahead, if you like—but how about a year in college as a sort of, well, introduction to life in general and for furnishing topics of conversation in the long years to come? How about it?" "Fair enough," said the Girl and she went to college.

BOYS! queer animals. Hereditary enemies of Fathers-with-daughters and Mothers! Mother had chaperoned the Girl relentlessly through High School. Most Mothers didn't bother. It was a bore and one felt like the uninvited guest or the veritable Death's Head. The Girl didn't mind much, only—"Well, really Mother you don't need to go or even to sit up." But Mother stuck to her job. I've always had the feeling that the real trick was turned in those years, by a very soft-voiced and persistent Mother who was always hanging about unobtrusively. The boys liked her, the girls were good-naturedly condescending; the Girl laughed. It was so funny. Father, of course, was busy with larger matters and weightier problems, including himself.

Clothes. In the midst of high school came sudden clothes. The problem of raiment. The astonishing transformation of the hoyden and hiker and basket ball expert into an amazing butterfly. We parents had expressed lofty distain for the new colored beauty parlors—straightening and bleaching, the very idea! But they didn't straighten, they cleaned and curled; they didn't whiten, they delicately darkened. They did for colored girls' style of beauty what two sophisticated centuries had been doing for blonde frights. When the finished product stood forth all silked and embroidered, briefly skirted and long-limbed with impudent lip-stick and jaunty toque—well, Thrift hung its diminished head and Philosophy stammered. What shall we do about our daughter's extravagant dress? The beauty of colored girls has increased 100% in a decade because they give to it time and trouble. Can we stop it? Should we? Where shall we draw the line, with good silk stockings at $1.95 per pair?

"Girl! You take so long to dress! I can dress in fifteen minutes."

"Yes—Mamma and you look it!" came the frankly unfilial answer.

COLLEGE. College was absence and premonition. Empty absence and occasional letters and abrupt pauses. One wondered uneasily what they were doing with the Girl; *who* rather than what was educating her. Four years of vague uneasiness with flashes of hectic and puzzling vacations. Once with startling abruptness there arose the Shadow of Death—acute appendicitis; the hospital—the cold, sharp knife; the horror of waiting and the namelessly sweet thrill of recovery. Of course, all the spoiling began again and it literally rained silk and gold.

(*Will you please turn to page* 207)

THE GROOM AND HIS USHERS:
The Messrs. Harold Jackman, Edward Perry, Langston Hughes, Embrey Bonner, Arna Bontemps, William Brown, Robert Weaver, William Alphaeus Hunton, 2nd, Albert Walker, Alex. F. Miller and William Howell; together with Melville Charlton, Organist, the Reverend George Frazier Miller, and the parents of the bride and groom.

THE N.A.A.C.P. BATTLE FRONT

DURING the primary elections, which will be past history by the time this is printed, Negroes in two southern states were making determined efforts to be permitted to vote in Democratic primary elections. One group registered their voters in Richmond, Virginia. Another group in Pensacola, Florida, under the leadership of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. registered no less than 1,500 Negroes.

The reason for the desire to vote in the Democratic primaries is a perfectly clear and simple one. In the South the real and the only election is the primary. The general election is a mere formality ratifying the results of the primary election. Nathan A. Jones, President of the Pensacola Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. stated the reason for the large registration of Negroes there, determined to vote in the Democratic primaries, when he said: "Our action was taken because we felt as taxpayers we were not getting a fair deal by the city authorities—no parks, nor lights, nor water, nor city work."

The efforts in these Southern states by small groups of Negroes, determined to carry their case on appeal before the courts, occasioned a disproportionate amount of excitement among white politicians. These gentlemen looked long and hard for pretexts to prevent the Negroes from voting. The Attorney General of the State of Florida tried to intimidate intending colored voters by announcing they would be prosecuted for "perjury".

BUT the Negroes who desired to vote in the primary elections had a rock-bottom case. They based their action upon the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called Texas White Primary Case (Nixon versus Herndon) won last year by attorneys for the N. A. A. C. P. This decision, it will be recalled, established the primaries as part of the election machinery, and declared Negroes could not be barred because of their race or color.

The importance of this decision is just beginning to be understood. If the Negroes generally throughout the South insist upon exercising their right to vote in the Democratic primaries and carry their cases to court when white politicians attempt to refuse them, it will mean nothing less than the end of the old solid South. For Negroes will begin to have their share in determining candidates of the Democratic party and that party will cease to be, as it is now, the organ of a small white minority. Perhaps then the Republican party or other parties will have some opportunity to grow in a section where the Republican Party is now mainly a skeleton affair.

Dr. H. Claude Hudson (*Page* 199.)

President of the Los Angeles Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., which will entertain the 19th Annual Conference at Los Angeles.

THE two attempts on the part of Negroes to vote in the primaries this year, in Richmond and Pensacola, are merely a beginning. They indicate clearly the importance of such victories as are won before the highest court in the land by the N. A. A. C. P. Those victories are permanent and basic. Whether they are made use of immediately or not, they are instruments waiting for some one to take them up and wield them. They can be used not only to extend rights already won. They are a defense against the constant tendency to whittle away such rights as have been conceded. If the Texas White Primary law had been allowed by the N. A. A. C. P. to go unchallenged, it would not have been long before, as a matter of law as well as of custom, the Negro would entirely have been eliminated from any share in political activity in the South. As it is, his right is now established to take part in the nomination and election of Democratic candidates. If he exercises this right, as he is already beginning to do, he will not only develop his power to say who shall govern him locally, but will eventually completely change the entire political situation in the Far South.

The same considerations hold good of the victory won in the Louisville Segregation case by the National President of the N. A. A. C. P., Mr. Moorfield Storey, in 1917. Does anyone doubt that if the Louisville law had gone unchallenged residential segregation would have been enacted in all large cities of the country? Since that time the Louisville case has served as a basis for other cases fought through the courts, the latest such victory having been won in the New Orleans segregation case before the United States Supreme Court last year.

H. J. S.

LIFE MEMBERS

MOST of the work and expenditure of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People goes to affirm the rights of the humblest and most disadvantaged Negroes in America. They are the people who could not help themselves but for the N. A. A. C. P. In them and in their status the civil rights of the Negro are affirmed or denied, even the rights of the most prosperous and seemingly the most safeguarded. For so long as there is one humble man or woman of color who can be oppressed and insulted and robbed with impunity because of his or her color, no Negro in the country is safe.

It is with some such facts in mind that the Board of Directors of the Association have established a new form of membership. These are Life Memberships, calling for a $500 subscription to the Association's work, payable either in full or in annual instalments of $100 a year for five years. The Life Memberships are established specifically in order that men and women who have achieved a competence and comfort, or who have become wealthy, may contribute in behalf of

(*Will you please turn to page* 209)

The Little Page

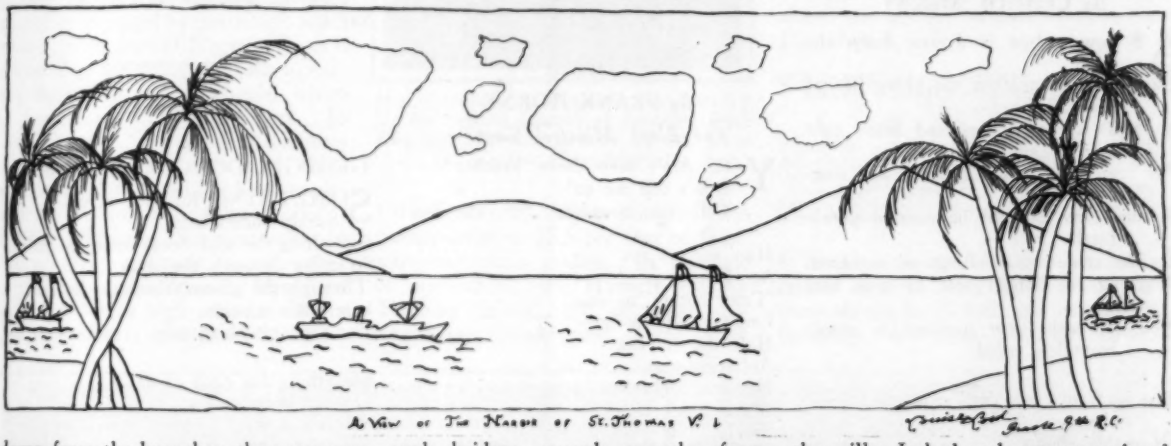
By EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

Calendar Chat

"Thinking of fields, are you?"

DICKENS'S turnkey asked this of Little Dorrit in the book that bears her name. It's a seasonable question for June. Though you were to arrive in the country for the first time at night in summer you would know nevertheless that the fields and woods held wonders for you.

There would be a golden glimpse of fireflies. There would be the sound of frogs sturdily calling, of gray squirrels barking sharp warning at the approach of hawks, of whippoorwills gloomily whistling from glens. You might find a whippoorwill the next afternoon crouched on an outspread orchard bough or meet the friendly gray squirrel shooting about like a little creature on wheels till its tail looked like a streak of dust. Indeed to me they often seem to be *pouring* down from the branches, they move so swiftly, so smoothly.



A View of The Harbor of St. Thomas V. I.

YOU might find birds all back from summer lands, some from such winter resorts as Louise Lord has drawn in this picture of St. Thomas harbor, the Virgin Island spot that she and her parents left when coming to New York last winter. Little Louise is attending school in New York, and is in the ninth grade.

But I had not intended talking of schools but "thinking of fields" with wild roses and brown-eyed Susans entering them this month and wheat and oats waving and creeks calling one to wade and feel the water at first so cold and then so delightful to bare feet that tread the warm pebbles.

Children Know

THERE are some people come to call
Who don't like children much at all.
And then some others ring the bell
Who seem to like us very well.
They like our dogs and like our cats,
And give them little friendly pats,
And ask their names and all,
Right down there in the hall.
We watch them from upstairs,
Then slip down easily,
When they are friends of ours
That we are glad to see,
Especially when they know our names
And have a lot to talk about,
Our running and our different games—
Some others just leave children out—
And all about your birthdays,
And who's the oldest now.
They're not real favorites with the rest,
But they suit us somehow.

"Listen to the Water Mill All the Livelong Day"

I NEVER knew what became of the paper mill that was a village nuisance in my childhood. It and the stake and rider and worm fences and covered bridges passed vaguely from among life's necessities. In reading an article on bridges the other day I was reminded of a creek and a covered bridge and a water mill.

The article referred to interesting mottoes that were often cut or scratched on the walls of covered bridges. There were many of these throughout Greene County, Ohio, when we moved there many years ago. On warm days we would allow our horses to pause under these shelters and rest or drive them there from a shower. There was, however, something dreary about the old weather beaten bridges, especially at dusk when the horses' hoofs pounding the loose flooring would stir gloomy echoes.

I can't forget how glad I was when the covered bridge at the foot of our pike was replaced by a neat iron and cement span that seemed to halve the distance from one willow draped bank to another. And now one could look out upon the silver and green waters of the creek in crossing and smell the cool high waters in spring when muskrats were scrambling around for a landing and cardinals flitting about the banks and haughty kingfishers enjoying their minnows.

THE water was not always fragrant and interesting, however, not in the days of the paper mill. Fish would perish in the stream of chocolate brown water with the white froth stirring dully on top, and people could be heard exclaiming, "That horrid paper mill!"

When wistaria blooms were trying with all their might to perfume the valleys and hillsides on early summer nights a stealthy sickening smell would rise from the creek, and people would murmur again, "That horrid paper mill!"

Yet it was such a picturesque sight, the mill. It had mole gray unpainted weatherboarding just the color of the stone foundation and little square windows stuck here and there. It sat so casually upon the hillside with banks of trees that changed colors all year furnishing a rich background. The miller himself was a calm faced little man with silver hair. The paper manufactured on the hillside, if I remember, was the brown wrapping paper that butchers used, the kind that Jack applied to his forehead with vinegar after he and Jill had tumbled down the hill.

Miss Grenda's Shop

YOU turn one corner then go round,
And there's Miss Grenda's shop.
It has tin baking slides inside
With cookies up on top,
With cookies and molasses cakes
Miss Grenda stands all day and bakes
And stacks them on the shelf,

(*Will you please turn to page* 210)

THE POET'S CORNER

Desire

By MARJORIE MARSHALL

I WOULD be one with the morning
To hold in my throat
Soft ecstacies
Of bird notes;
And catch in my hair
Faint traceries of light
From dawn clouds.

I would be one with the evening
To clasp in my hands
Strange brilliancy
Of star dust;
And know in my soul
The loneliness of moons
And darkness.

The International Spirit

By CLAUDE McKAY

AS flower dust is driven down the wind
To touch and quicken the green life of earth,
As birds spread wings and leave cold lands behind,
For regions of sweet warmth and singing mirth:
So shall thy thought be carried surely forth
To the remotest dwellings of mankind,
Reaching its inmost self to give new birth,
New strength, new purpose to man's boundless mind.

The birds of time shall wing thee down the ways
Of man's abode. Thy progress will be keen
Against the heavy mist of stormy days,
As ever progress through the years has been.
Even as strong-winged messengers are seen,
In these amazing times with fine amaze,
Threading the tides of space that roll between
The earth and heavens that ever hold man's gaze.

The nations will be stricken at thy word,
And grand old prejudices crumble down,
That ancient pride in warring breasts has stirred.
The noblest men shall work for any renown.
Thy truest heralds do not fear the frown
Of legioned bigots leagued by fear and spurred
To crush thy truth, but more the shouting clown,
The standard-flocking of the sheeplike herd.

Self Portrait of J. W. Hardrick
Harmon Prizeman in Fine Arts

Harlem

By FRANK HORNE

The Black Minstrel Sings:—

YOU Ain't been there, brother?
Don't tell me so!
"...Tell 'im 'bout it...tell 'im 'bout it..."
Han' me ma sax
An' lemme go
'Taint nothin' to 'im
Lemme tell 'im so—
Han' me ma sax
An' lemme go...
Harlem...Harlem
Black, black Harlem
Boody...see hootchiepep
Hootchiepep...See boody—
...I'll sing 'im 'bout it—

Harlem...Harlem
Black, black Harlem
Niggers, Jigs an' shiney spades
Highbrowns, yallers, fagingy-fagades
"...Oh say it, brother
Say it..."
Pullman porters, shipping clerks an' monkey chasers
Actors, lawyers, Black Jews an' fairies
Ofays, pimps, low-downs an' dicties
Cabarets, gin an' number tickets
All mixed in
With gangs o'churches—
Sugar-foot misters an' sun-dodgin' sisters
Don't get up
Till other folks long in bed...
...Hey!...Hey!
"Say it, brother
Say it..."
My gal's
A Sealskin brown
Hot lips
And sweet, O God!
Uh...huh,
But ma gal's
A white gal
Das' all...

Harlem...Harlem
Black, black Harlem
Souls of Black Folk
Ask Du Bois
Little grey restless feet
Ask Claude McKay
City of Refuge
Ask Rudolph Fisher
Don't damn your body's itch
Ask Countee Cullen
Does the jazz band sob?
Ask Langston Hughes
Nigger Heaven
Ask Carl Van Vechten
Hey!...Hey!
Sing 'im 'bout it
"...Say it, brother
Say it..."

Hope

By
GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

SOMETHING for each of us
Surely somewhere,
Something the soul needs infinitely there.
So press through the dark
Through the gloom, through the rain
Life holds a balm
For each ravishing pain.

Something for each of us!
Do not despair—
There's a heart to your answering
Fully—somewhere.
Press on through the dark
With a smile on your face—
The something you long for
Awaits your embrace.

Nonette

By —— ——

You wound my soul with a thousand spears,
You bathe my wounds in a flood of tears,
Nonette.

You give me a rose whose breath is sweet,
Whose petals are poison and death to eat,
Nonette.

And when I am dead you do not cry,
But your heart breaks, too, and you, too, die.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

EDUCATION

¶ There are, at present, 189 colored Catholic schools with an attendance of 28,409 pupils. They are all "Jim Crow" schools, even when situated in Northern cities. There are three Negro Catholic Sisterhoods, with headquarters in Baltimore, New Orleans and New York, with about 350 members. There are about 155 Catholic high schools and at New Orleans there is one Negro Catholic college. There are at present four Negro Catholic priests.

¶ The North Carolina Conference on Religious Education in Negro Schools has been held. Dean Turner of Shaw University is President and L. R. McKinney of Brick Junior College, Secretary.

¶ One of the reasons that Negroes can not be expected to contribute much toward the support of Negro colleges is because they are doing so much to support their own public schools, which the States support only in part. In North Carolina, for instance, Negroes have raised during the first three months of the year, $32,511 to supplement the work of the public schools.

¶ W. A. Robinson, Superintendent of Colored High Schools reports that North Carolina has 56 state accredited four year Negro high schools. From these, there were graduated in 1927, 1575 students. Eight hundred and twenty-seven or 52.5 per cent of these, continued their studies. In the case of one school, the Harnett County Training School, 100 per cent continued their study; and of the Allen Home, 83.2 per cent. Six hundred and sixty-four went to North Carolina colleges and 163 went to schools outside the state, including 25 who went to white colleges. Of the remaining graduates, 507 were teaching, 82 were at work, 6 dead and 213 unaccounted for.

H. J. Capehart, Assistant District Attorney for the Federal District of Southern West Virginia. Former member of the West Virginia Legislature

¶ The officers of the Colored Association of Deans and Registrars are Ambrose Caliver, Fisk University, President; Howard D. Gregg, Orangeburg A. & M. College, Secretary; and James B. Brawley, Clark University, Treasurer.

¶ In the Congressional Record appeared recently an extraordinarily interesting table compiled by Royal H. Weller of New York, member of the House of Representatives, and used by him in advocating permanent national aid for the support of Howard University:

STATISTICS OF 17 STATES WITH SEPARATE SCHOOLS FOR WHITES AND NEGROES

	Whites	Negroes
Population	27,030,398	8,980,506
Per Cent	66.8	33.2
College Students Enrolled, Four Year Colleges	128,958	3,071
Federal Funds Received	$5,305,452	$282,785
State Funds Received	$31,651,836	$1,850,809

If Negro students were fairly treated, instead of there being 3,000 in college, there would be 37,844, and instead of receiving less than $300,000 from

Mrs. Mabel Williams. Producer of the "Kansas City Follies" (*Page* 199)

Federal funds and less than $2,000,000 from State funds, they would receive $2,114,494 from the United States and $10,876,426 from the State. The table also shows that Howard University has over 1000 Negroes of college grade and of these, 709 come from the 17 states referred to.

¶ The Registrar of Lincoln University, Pa., has been inquiring into the enrollment of Negro students in high schools of five Northern States, with the following results:

States	*Conn.*	*Mass.*	*N. Y.*	*N. J.*	*Pa.*	*Total*
Questionnaires issued	80	248	729	150	692	1,899
Questionnaires returned	42	94	372	80	331	919
Reported no Negro students	18	43	254	26	194	535
Boys in high school	49	179	553	345	851	1,977
Boys in senior class	2	21	52	26	53	154
Boys graduated in past 4 years	11	71	380	55	151	668
Girls in high school	61	9	830	467	715	2,082
Girls in senior class	5	0	128	46	91	270
Number boys in college in past 4 years	3	13	29	21	55	121
Number of colleges attended	3	8	16	9	20	39

Some of the large city high schools were unable to furnish data as their records did not show race, and so the total enrollment may be 20 per cent higher than this figure. Of 101 freshmen admitted at Lincoln University in September, 1927, "50 were graduates of high schools located in the North. Of this number 18 came from New Jersey, 15 from Pennsylvania, 6 from New York, 3 from Massachusetts and 2 from Connecticut. During the four years previous to 1927 a total of 31 freshmen were admitted from Pennsylvania high schools, 19 from New Jersey, 9 from Massachusetts, 6 from New York and 4 from Connecticut".

MEETINGS

¶ The Kentucky Negro Educational Association met in April with a large attendance.

¶ The National Negro Insurance Association and a group of Negro bankers have met in Columbus, Ohio. The program included: addresses of City, State and National Officials, prominent among which were addresses of Hon. E. C. Turner, Attorney General; Hon. W. C. Safford, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Ohio; Hon. J. A. Jackson of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.; Harry H. Pace, President of Northeastern Life, Newark, N. J.; Anthony Overton, President of Douglas National Bank, Chicago, Ill.; C. C. Spaulding, President of North Carolina Mutual, Durham, N. C.; M. C. Bousfield, President of Liberty Life, Chicago, Ill.; John Holloman, President of Pyramid Mutual of Chicago; H. E. Hall, President of Mammoth Life, Louisville, Ky.; John H. Lowery, President of Anchor Life, Cleveland and others.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

¶ The new Michigan Avenue building of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A., designed especially for colored men, was opened April 15. William H. Jackson is Executive Secretary.

¶ The Glenarm Branch of the Denver Y. M. C. A. for colored men took care of 11,215 Pullman employees during the past year. It also accommodates large numbers of colored travellers and visitors.

¶ Nominations for the Harmon Awards close August 15. There are fourteen awards for Negroes and one award in race relations carrying an honorarium of $1,000, which hereafter is to be conferred every two years.

¶ Negro Achievement Week has been celebrated in Germantown, Pa., under the auspices of the Inter-Racial Committee of the Germantown Y. W. C. A. There was a fine exhibit of Negro art at the library, including paintings by Tanner, Laura Wheeler Waring, Edward Hill, Alan Freelon and many others. Among those who took part on the programs were: Harry Burleigh, Clarence Cameron White, Professor W. L. Hansberry and Dr. Alain Locke of Howard University, Leslie Pinckney Hill of Cheyney, and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson and Miss Jessie Fauset of New York.

¶ The 29th annual report of the National Benefit Insurance Company shows total assets of $5,839,198. The liabilities include the legal reserve on policies of $4,526,132 and a surplus of $423,419.

¶ A seminar on Church and Racial Relations was held in Chicago in April under the auspices of the Congregation Education Society and the National Council of Congregational Churches. The sessions were held at Hull House and among those who took part were: Jane Addams, President Jones of Fisk University, Professor Melville Herskovits of Northwestern University, Dr. L. K. Williams, E. Franklin Frazier, Dr. George E. Haynes, the Reverend H. E. Kingsley and many others.

¶ Busts of Touissant L'Ouverture and Henry O. Tanner have been unveiled at the Lake County Children's Home at Gary, Indiana.

¶ Ever since the National Student Conference in Milwaukee in 1926, efforts of understanding between the races have been made. The colored population has increased 145 per cent since 1920. Recently trips of "understanding" have been made through the Negro district by groups of students, professional and business men. Branches of the N A. A. C. P. and the Urban League have been established and James Weldon Johnson has spoken at Milwaukee.

¶ The *Christian Herald* has published its annual religious census. According to its figures, the colored National Baptists have 3,253,369 communicants, a decrease of 57,600 from last year; the African Methodists report 781,692, an increase of 60,658; the African Zion Church reports 500,000, an increase of 10,000; and the Colored M. E. Church, 333,002, an increase of 1981.

¶ The colored citizens of Portsmouth, Va., have formed a "Council of Race Advisors", with Dr. W. H. Lowry as Chief Advisor.

MUSIC AND ART

¶ Josephine Baker, the Negro American dancer, is having triumphal progress through Austria and Czecho-

The Dancing Dolls in the "Kansas City Follies" (*Page* 199)

Slovakia. American newspapers, like the New York *Times*, are now omitting all reference to her race, and speak of her as "an American dancer".

¶ Ruth Bayton, a colored dancer, who formerly played with Florence Mills, is at present star of the "Folies-Wagram", the newest music hall of Paris.

¶ The Women's Auxiliary of the Kansas City, Mo., branch of the N. A. A. C. P., presented the "Junior Follies" at the Empress Theater in February. The Auxiliary of 100 women labored hard and an audience of 1600 completely filled the theater. Mrs. Sally C. Love is President and Miss Alma M. Taylor, Secretary.

¶ Winold Reiss is exhibiting in New York City a series of American Indian pictures. They demonstrate his usual strength.

¶ The Concert by the Hampton Institute Choir, under the direction of R. Nathaniel Dett, at Carnegie Hall, New York, has received much striking commendation. The New York *Times* declared the singing "was distinguished by exceptional delicacy of feeling and shading"; the *Morning Telegraph* said there has been "no finer example of choir singing in this season's whole record"; the *Herald Tribune* stressed "the notable unity in spirit and execution"; and the *Evening Post* said, "As a whole the choir is splendid . . . There isn't a white choir on earth that could lift the 'Don't Be Weary Traveler', into rapture as did these dark singers from Virginia".

¶ The Little Theatre Movement among American Negroes is still persisting. In spite of the fact that the Krigwa Players of New York, under Charles Burroughs, have not been meeting regularly this year, the promoters of the Belasco Tournament, mindful of their excellent work last year, insisted upon their entering the Little Theatre Tournament. They competed in May with nineteen other theaters and presented "Aftermath", a play by Miss Mary Burrill of the Dunbar High School of Washington, D. C.

¶ The Dixwell Players of New Haven in their second season presented "The Broken Banjo" by Willis Richardson, Paul Green's "The No 'Count Boy" and Lord Dunsany's "The Golden Doom". They entered the first play in the New Haven Dramatic Tournament, competing for the Edith Fisher Schwab Cup at Yale University, and were given first place.

¶ The Allied Arts Players of Boston, Mass., under the leadership of Maude Cuney Hare have presented three plays, "Forbidden Ground", by Armand Boutté, Lord Dunsany's "The Tents of the Arabs", and later they produced Maude Cuney Hare's "Antar of Araby" with incidental music, at the Fine Arts Theater.

¶ Lewis Alexander has edited a "Negro Poet's Number" of the *Carolina Magazine* with articles by Alain Locke and Charles S. Johnson, and poems by Countée Cullen, Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, Gwendolyn Bennett, Georgia Douglass Johnson and others.

¶ The Gamma Omega Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority of St. Louis, Mo., has presented the dancer, Miss Mabel Jones, who is a Vestoff-Serova Interpretive dancer and doing excellent work. She has opened a school of classical dancing in Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

¶ At Ivanhoe, Va., Mrs. Mary H. Scott, a colored woman, operates a telephone switch board for the Mutual Telephone Company. She has been employed since December 13, 1912, and the lines of her board extend locally over southwestern Virginia and connect with long distance lines all over the United States. The apparatus is installed in her home.

¶ Dr. H. Claude Hudson was born in Louisiana and educated at Wiley University. He began practicing dentistry in Shreveport, Louisiana, a lynching town, where he dared to establish a branch of the N. A. A. C. P. A mob, led by the Sheriff and Chief of Police, invaded the annual meeting of the colored Doctors of the State of Louisiana, looking for Mr. Pickens who was to address the meeting. After this Dr. Hudson removed to California and joined the N. A. A. C. P. Branch at Los Angeles. He became President and the great activity of the Branch during the last three or four years has been due in no little degree to his energetic leadership.

¶ George W. Blackwell has been nominated for representative from the first Illinois district. If he is elected, he will succeed the late S. B. Turner.

¶ Robert S. Allen, a colored business man of Columbus, Ohio, died recently at the age of 63 years. He

Native Hospital Attendants. South Africa

The Annual Clinic of Negro Physicians

was a veteran of the Spanish American War and a brother of Mrs. Mattie A. McAdoo of Washington, D. C.

¶ The colored people of Portland, Me., are represented on Judge M. L. Pinansky's Juvenile Committee by Mrs. Bessie Edwards, a colored woman.

EAST AFRICA

¶ The Governor General of French Equatorial Africa reports that the revenue has at last exceeded the expenditure. Expenditures are now 20,000,000 francs while the revenue is 25,300,000. Debts have been paid and there is a reserve fund of 21,602,489 francs. At the same time 6,010,574 francs have been paid into the French treasury. The budgets of the separate colonies in the group have nearly quadrupled since 1924 and amounted to 50,784,000 francs. The General Budget included 1,000,000 francs for tools and agricultural implements, 12,000,000 for public works and 10,000,000 for medical services including 4,000,000 for a special campaign against sleeping sickness. Trade amounted to 157,074,468 francs in the first half of 1927.

¶ Tanganyika, formerly German East Africa, and now a mandate under the British, imported $18,500,000 worth of goods in 1927 an increase of $2,500,000 in 1926. The exports amounted to $18,000,000 and consisted chiefly of hemp, cotton and coffee.

WEST AFRICA

¶ This month the King and Queen of Belgium are visiting the Congo. July 1, they will inaugurate a monument to Leopold II; they will then visit the diamond fields and various mines; July 19 they will visit Lake Tanganyika and return by way of the Congo River. They will leave for Antwerp, August 12, arriving August 31.

¶ An exhibition of the art of Dahomey was recently held at the University of Louvain by Father Aupisis. The collection consists of the work of a local paper, the "Reconnaissance Africaine" and of the people of Porto Nova.

¶ The greatest recent event in West Africa was the opening of the great, new harbor at Takoradi in the Gold Coast Colony, April 3. There were present: J. H. Thomas, British Ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Governor of Sierra Leone; and the Governor of the Gold Coast, together with the Anglican Bishop and a large assembly of African Chiefs. The harbor cost $20,000,000 and accommodates nine ocean going vessels together with twenty sets of moorings for smaller crafts. The area within the two breakwaters is about 220 acres. The harbor has been building since 1923 and 2,000,000 cubic yards of granite have been consumed in its construction. Four thousand Negroes have been employed daily together with 164 Europeans.

¶ The British Colony of Nigeria is seven times the size of England and is said to contain countries more different in history than England and Turkey. In 1926, Nigeria imported $65,500,000 worth of goods. Increasing numbers of Nigerians are working as skilled and unskilled laborers under European and African employers. Unskilled labor costs from 18 to 30 cents a day. African motor trucks, owned, driven and repaired by Africans, are sucessfully competing with the government railroad in the transportation of freight.

¶ Harold Mitchell, Chairman of the Freetown, Sierra Leone Temporary Municipal Board, has been appointed President of the new City Council under the ordinance of 1927.

¶ The former Governor of he Gold Coast reports that only one tenth of the children of school age in the Gold Coast are at present receiving education.

¶ British West Africa has 32,000,000 native inhabitants. They consume mostly cheap European merchandise but their consumption is increasing and they are beginning to demand better classes of goods. The area of British West Africa is five times that of the Isles. It is thought that the Gold Coast alone, whose present import trade is worth $50,000,000, will double that trade in the next ten years. Two thirds of the imports come from Great Britain, which shows what the black colony means to England. The imports at present are cotton goods, tobacco, cigarettes, soap, salt, hardware, kerosene and beer.

SOUTH AFRICA

¶ The I. C. U., the Negro Labor Union of South Africa, has a European advisor, John Wainer. He told native workers of black men in America and of the fact that they vote. It is his thought that they should organize and obtain the vote. Kadalie, in a speech at Bloemfontein, declared that the I. C. U. would, in time, be bigger than any white party in South Africa.

¶ C. T. Loram of the Native Affairs Commission of South Africa, has given further detail concerning the grant of $500,000 by the Carnegie Foundation of New York. The white university of Witwatersland will spend $10,000 a year for scientific research and $3,750 a year for allowances to students. Twenty thousand dollars a year will be used to study the "poor whites"; $22,500 a year will be used to study the South African Library situation. Native education and the establishment of special types of "Jeanes" schools will be studied. Three art collections worth $5,000 each will be established at three white universities

At Tuskegee Institute

and loaned at various times. Travelling grants will allow persons engaged in educational and social work to visit Canada and the United States.

¶ Sir Abe Bailey, a prominent and rich South African politician, has an interview in the Cape *Argus*. He says that South Africa is up against the grim specter of 7,000,000 natives increasing rapidly and facing a stationary white population which is merely a handful. South Africa has been built up on the basis of black labor in the past and must be in the future. The native tribal system has broken down. The natives are industrialized and with education, the days of dumb, driven labor are over. There must be a black vote and some scheme of representation, but no black parliament, for a black parliament would soon challenge the authority of the white parliament. He proposes native representation by natives in both the Senate and Assembly.

¶ Southern Rhodesia five years ago refused to enter the South African Union. She is now seeking to establish a Central African Dominion consisting of Southern and Northern Rhodesia, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Nyasaland. As usual, the problem of the natives is a serious difficulty. There are white artisans in Southern Rhodesia and only Negro artisans in Nyasaland.

¶ The Premier, General Hertzog, of the Union of South Africa, will soon bring his revolutionary native bills before Parliament for discussion.

¶ The British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet in South Africa next year and will make a special effort to study the magnificent ruins of Zimbabwe in Southern Rhodesia. No attempt has been made to study them since the report of Randall McIvor in 1905. This report was not popular because McIvor declared that the work was that of indigenous peoples.

EUROPE

¶ The Fabian Society of London recently staged a public debate between Dr. Norman Leys and Major A. G. Church on East Africa. The question

(*Will you please turn to page* 211)

The President of Liberia with the Lord Mayor and Lord Mayoress of London

THE BROWSING READER

TWO NOVELS

Nella Larsen "Quicksand" (Knopf)
Claude McKay "Home to Harlem" (Harper and Brothers)

I HAVE just read the last two novels of Negro America. The one I liked; the other I distinctly did not. I think that Mrs. Imes, writing under the pen name of Nella Larsen, has done a fine, thoughtful and courageous piece of work in her novel. It is, on the whole, the best piece of fiction that Negro America has produced since the heyday of Chesnutt, and stands easily with Jessie Fauset's "There is Confusion", in its subtle comprehension of the curious cross currents that swirl about the black American.

Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem", on the other hand, for the most part nauseates me, and after the dirtier parts of its filth I feel distinctly like taking a bath. This does not mean that the book is wholly bad. McKay is too great a poet to make any complete failure in writing. There are bits of "Home to Harlem", beautiful and fascinating: the continued changes upon the theme of the beauty of colored skins; the portrayal of the fascination of their new yearnings for each other which Negroes are developing. The chief character, Jake, has something appealing, and the glimpses of the Haitian, Ray, have all the materials of a great piece of fiction.

But it looks as though, despite this, McKay has set out to cater for that prurient demand on the part of white folk for a portrayal in Negroes of that utter licentiousness which conventional civilization holds white folk back from enjoying—if enjoyment it can be called. That which a certain decadent section of the white American world, centered particularly in New York, longs for with fierce and unrestrained passions, it wants to see written out in black and white, and saddled on black Harlem. This demand, as voiced by a number of New York publishers, McKay has certainly satisfied, and added much for good measure. He has used every art and emphasis to paint drunkenness, fighting, lascivious sexual promiscuity and utter absence of restraint in as bold and as bright colors as he can.

If this had been done in the course of a well-conceived plot or with any artistic unity, it might have been understood if not excused. But "Home to Harlem" is padded. Whole chapters here and there are inserted with no connection to the main plot, except that they are on the same dirty subject. As a picture of Harlem life or of Negro life anywhere, it is, of course, nonsense. Untrue, not so much as on account of its facts, but on account of its emphasis and glaring colors. I am sorry that the author of "Harlem Shadows" stooped to this. I sincerely hope that he will some day rise above it and give us in fiction the strong, well-knit as well as beautiful theme, that it seems to me he might do.

Nella Larsen on the other hand has seized an interesting character and fitted her into a close yet delicately woven plot. There is no "happy ending" and yet the theme is not defeatist like the work of Peterkin and Green. Helga Crane sinks at last still master of her whimsical, unsatisfied soul. In the end she will be beaten down even to death but she never will utterly surrender to hypocricy and convention. Helga is typical of the new, honest, young fighting Negro woman—the one on whom "race" sits negligibly and Life is always first and its wandering path is but darkened, not obliterated by the shadow of the Veil. White folk will not like this book. It is not near nasty enough for New York columnists. It is too sincere for the South and middle West. Therefore, buy it and make Mrs. Imes write many more novels.

Social science in America has so long been the foot ball of "nigger"-hating propaganda that we Negroes fail to get excited when a new scientist comes into the field. We have had our fill of Bean, Smith, Brigham and McDougal, so that when a young student turns to the Negro problem, we assume he is going to come out exactly where he went in. When Melville Herskovits started anthropological measurements in Harlem, the only hope we had was that he was a pupil of Franz Boaz. But he proved to be more than this. Herskovits is a real scientist. That is: a man who is more interested in arriving at truth than proving a thesis of race superiority.

His book, "The American Negro", (Knopf) built up from a number of papers and studies is, in a real sense, epoch-making. First of all, he proves by a series of careful measurements and compilations that the American Negro is a new definite group. All of that nonsense fostered by the United States Census as to mulattos is swept away. I myself told the Census authorities of 1910 when I collaborated with them, that their figures on mulattos made a serious under-estimate and was laughed at for my pains. Now comes Herskovits and proves by a wide study that less than one-fourth of the Negroes of the United States are of unmixed Negro blood and that forty per cent of them have as much or more white blood as Negro. This in itself is neither advantage nor disadvantage; but it shows on the one hand the idiocy of talking about the Negro as an "unassimilable" and distinct race in the United States, and of arguing about American Negroes from the same premises as we argue about the Bantu.

Indeed the interesting thing about Mr. Herskovits' conclusions is that we have in the American Negro, by actual physical measurements, a group which resembles in many important respects, a pure race. That is: the intermixture has gone on for so long and the "racial" inbreeding and inter-thinking have become so strong, that a singular group stability has been attained. Moreover, one feels that this group stability has been even more largely a matter of social and rational accomplishment than of mere physical descent.

The implications of Herskovits' studies are really tremendous, not simply for the race problem in the United States, but also for the whole question of human contact, intermingling of blood and social heredity. It is a little book of 92 pages and costs a trifle. It ought to be in every Negro's library.

We may end this review with one interesting quotation.

"The American Negroes are, after all, a homogeneous population. They are also a greatly mixed group. How may one reconcile these two statements? It is not so difficult when one really considers the proposition from all angles. For is it not true that all human groups represent large amounts of mixture? This brings us back to the theory of race. Students have wondered at the number of varieties of human types, and have been unable to account for them. They have also been at a loss to account for the degree to which all the so-called 'races' of man seem to shade from one type into another; with never the sharp lines of

(*Will you please turn to page* 211)

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

KRIGWA 1928

On Page 76 of the MARCH CRISIS and on Page 133 of the APRIL CRISIS we have already announced two sets of prizes for 1928.

First, the Charles Waddell Chesnutt Honoraria. These are prizes of $25, $15 and $10 awarded each month for one year beginning with the APRIL number. We are pleased to announce of prizes for May, 1928:

First Prize. Cover. "The Young Blood Hungers", by Aaron Douglas $25.00
Second Prize. A Poem. "A Tree", by Lewis Alexander $15.00
Third Prize. "How Much Insurance Should You Have?", by Harry H. Pace $10.00

Second, Economic Prizes offered by 5 Negro banks and 7 Negro insurance societies as follows:

One First Prize.....	$200.
One Second Prize	150.
One Third Prize	100.
Two Fourth Prizes	50. each
Eight Prizes for Honorable Mention	25. each
A total of	$750.

Entries for these prizes close December 31, 1928, and the awards will be announced in the early spring of 1929.

Read this and the two previous announcements carefully. If you have further specific questions, write the Editor.

DARROW

NOTHING more unfortunate has happened in the recent history of the Negro race than the attitude of black ministers in Washington toward Clarence Darrow. Here is a man whose voice has been raised for righteousness in the face of flattery, money and fame. He has dared to use his unique genius to defend the rights of poor white labor and disfranchised Negroes. While the Christian Church stands silent, he speaks. When an appeal to the organized religion of the United States brings no audible response, Clarence Darrow goes down into the blood and dust of battle to defend the lost cause.

If religion and Christianity mean anything, they mean deeds and not the mere words. And yet, the black ministers of Washington are apparently more interested in the mouthing of creeds and the orthodoxy of men's beliefs than in the Christianity and unselfishness of their deeds. There is not a Negro church in the United States that ought not to throw wide its doors to Clarence Darrow and beg him to come in. He will criticize those churches, and they ought to be criticized. He says frankly and openly what their own members say, namely: They are spending too much money for church edifices, and not enough for the social uplift which Christianity stands for, if it stands for anything.

Whenever religion forgets its high calling of inspiring faith in human beings, peace instead of war, unselfishness instead of greed, and deeds instead of words; and turns to heresy hunting, it brings on itself the contempt of mankind. The Negro Church in the past has been sewn with superstition and worldliness, but it has always been able to say in its own defense, We believe in man; and in the lowest of men; We open our doors to the despised and hunted; We extend our charity to all forms and faith.

It will be a sad time, and the beginning of its doom when the black church turns from this its highest mission and goes to burning witches.

Clarence Darrow does not believe many things that Orthodox Christians believe; but he respects the beliefs of any sincere person and in turn he deserves respect for his own honest opinions. If the Negro race is going to start hunting Heretics, let it pause and remember that William Lloyd Garrison, Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass were nearly as radical religious freethinkers as Clarence Darrow. Nor let them forget that the greatest of religious rebels once said to a bunch of pettifogging defenders of the letter of the law: "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisee, hypocrites, that strain out a gnat and swallow a camel!"

What difference does it make whether the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah swallowed the whale, so long as Justice, Mercy and Peace prevail?

ON TO CALIFORNIA

ALWAYS you have always meant to go to California. "Sometime", you have planned to take this journey. You want to smell orange blossoms; you want to see the Sea where the sun sets; you want to ride over this great and golden land with all its sunshine and flowers, and have old dreams and wishes come true.

Remember that Tomorrow never comes. In this hard world it is always Today. If you are going to see California, you had better see it now. There is no sense in putting off travel until you are too old and too blind and too cross-grained to enjoy it. Here and now is your chance and for a thousand of you and yet a thousand more it is a chance which will never come again. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is going to California in late June for its annual meeting. These annual meetings are serious affairs, but they are not simply serious. They are occasions of good fellowship, of seeing new things and thinking new thoughts and getting new thrills out of life.

It will cost something to go. Our experience is that most things in this world cost something, if they are worth anything. But $200 and certainly not more than $250 ought to give a dweller on the Atlantic a chance to see the sunset lands of the Pacific in leisure and good fellowship. Come on in. The water's fine.

SUNNY FLORIDA

THERE is probably no modern play-ground whose social foundation is more utterly false and criminal than Florida. Before the boom, Florida was a lovely, sleepy semi-tropical

land with a working class predominantly Negro and with unusually cordial relations between the races, albeit based on the old slave paternalism. Then came fruit culture, land exploitation, fashion propaganda, easy liquor and open gambling. The demand for labor and service brought a mass of immigrants from the neighboring poor whites of Georgia and Alabama and even further away. A bitter rivalry arose between the white and black workers and the black workers, deprived of political power, went further and further to the wall. The white workers were debauched by the chances of high wage, graft and illegitimate methods of making money of all sorts.

The results of all this could be illustrated in a hundred ways, but let us take one recent case:

July 15, 1925. In Miami, Police Sergeant Tibbits is shot. The police have no clue.

July 16, 1925. A Negro, H. Kier, was found shot to death in the Northwest part of the city near the ball park.

July 17, 1925. Tibbits will recover. Chief of Police, H. L. Quigg, offers a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of his unknown assailant.

March, 1928. Tibbits, now Lieutenant, together with a city detective, are arrested. The Grand Jury investigating alleged police brutalities, returned indictments against Tibbits and others, charging them with the murder of Kier. A police detective testifying declares that Kier, a bellboy, was accused of carrying a message for a white man to a white woman asking the woman to meet the man. The woman's mother complained to the hotel proprietor and identified Kier as the messenger. The police were called. Kier denied his guilt but was knocked to the floor by a policeman's club. When he was able to get up, he said that he was guilty. The proprietor asked the detective "not to murder the boy in my hotel". They took the Negro to police headquarters where the Chief of Police, H. L. Quigg, told them not to enter any charge against him. The policemen took Kier in an automobile out to the Northwestern part of the city. Then they threw him out and tried to shoot him. The first shot went wild and struck Tibbits. They continued shooting and when Kier was dead they left the body on the highway and carried Tibbits to the hospital. Chief of Police Quigg called and advised them to agree on a story. He asked the officers to go and hide the body, but they refused. They agreed, however, to say that the Negro had grabbed Tibbits' gun and that the other officers fired in self-defense, in case the matter ever came to court.

March 24, 1928. H. L. Quigg, Miami Chief of Police, is charged with first degree murder, together with Tibbits and others.

April 17, their trial begins.

April 29, Quigg and his co-defendants are acquitted.

There was, of course, no chance that Quigg and his colleagues would suffer any severe punishment. It is alleged that for years they have been at the head of the ring which sells the privilege to gamble and import liquor in the city of Miami, and that Quigg is a very rich man.

THE BUSINESS PRIZES

Providence, R. I.

DEAR SIR:

I have read your announcement concerning the distribution of $750 to those who present the best essays on "the economic development of the Negro".

I am of the opinion, though, that the best results should be obtained from this contest and that they can be secured if certain definite directions are given to the contestants. As far as possible facts should be presented in the essays rather than generalizations or mere opinions. Instead of giving the contestants wide latitude in the selection of their topics, better results would be obtained if a suggestive outline were given.

If such an outline as the following were presented it would not only tend to make the information more precise, but would aid the contestants in writing their essays.

Finance and the Negro

1. Reasons why Finance Companies should operate among Negroes
2. Difficulties concerning the operation of Finance Companies among Negroes
3. Historical Features
   a. The early stages
   b. Present day operation and management.
4. Statistical studies involving the financial growth.
5. Relation of the Finance Company to the Social Status of the Negro.

Insurance

1. Reasons for the formation of Colored Companies.
2. Comparative costs of operation
3. Financial growth of the Companies
4. Social Aspects involved
   a. Income of the Insured
   b. Physical Condition of Insured
   c. Environment
   d. General Levels of Intelligence
   e. Medical Examinations
5. Investment procedure of the Companies

Banks

Historical Features
Difficulties of operation and management
Statistical studies involving the financial growth
The Negro Bank . . . a by-product or product of racial development
Why I would or would not deposit my funds with Negro Banks

Merchandising and Manufacturing

Drug Stores
Retail Stores
Chain store operation
Possibilities of the Negro in Merchandising
Manufacturing among Negroes
Co-operative buying and selling

Agriculture

Marketing of the products
Modern business methods and Farm operation

Education

Commercial
Business Administration

This presentation immediately brings to the forefront certain difficulties, particularly those of obtaining materials. This outline, though, would probably give the contestants certain definite topics to develop. It would, too, give them some idea as to the procedure to follow in selecting a subject. To write intelligently they would have to make some inquiries or investigations. The making of inquiries will do more to stimulate interest among Negroes in their business enterprises than any other plan.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM OCCOMY.

THE "SECOND GENERATION"

PERMIT me to say a kind word for "The Second Generation", which seems to be meeting with strenuous objections from some of your readers. I contend that it represented wholesome criticism and Mr. Davis's strictures against the college-trained Negro cannot be answered fairly or adequately by the assertion that the poem should not have been given space in your columns.

Working in the N. A. A. C. P., I have been particularly struck by the indifference of young college men and women toward that organization or, in fact, toward any other institution seeking to improve the status of the Negro in America.

Mr. Allison Davis has done nothing more than to picture the average Negro college student as a perfect imitation of his white brother. I think he is right. The proper answer to give the author is facts that deny his implications. I do not believe they will be forthcoming.

DAVID H. PIERCE.

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TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA

Days

(*Continued from page* 188)

Then followed the days that the Randolphs remained,—more golden days.—The days when Mr. Randolph came to have the time-o'day speaking acquaintance with his neighbors in the evening, and Mrs. Randolph came to give the children of the neighborhood piano lessons and receive their adoration and their little bunches of flowers in return. Days when the women learned to enjoy her music and admire her beautiful home and to marvel at her fine standards;—days when they tried to fix up their own places and copy her taste—days when the men came to respect Mr. Randolph, the man, as well as his name and power;—days when all was well.

All golden days—golden days in warm, golden months—and fulfilled promises everywhere—radiance and kindly feeling.

* * *

AND then, finally, there was the day that the Randolphs moved,—a gray day. A gray day in a sultry month,—rain clouds,—misty air, drab sidewalks and gray mood. Gray mood and sorrow everywhere,—sorrow and regret.

Those nice colored people were moving away. What a shame! They wanted their own home, of course, but if Rocci hadn't been such a fool when he served the notice, they might have stayed,—one year anyway. Why, the rotter actually swore at Mrs. Randolph when she told him that she couldn't possibly know that he wouldn't recognize her race. She had come from parts where one's face made no difference in one's status, so it was honest and clean. She had wanted him to talk with her husband in the first place. The dirty rotten foreigner! Her husband couldn't forget that. You couldn't blame him.

Such lovely people,—so clean and nice. And such high class company. Just like white people. And that little, fat friend with the round, brown face and the big, black eyes, who was always there, actually had her own car! And so many changes of clothes,—hats too, and never any men hanging about her, either. Gee! they made Mrs. O'Hennessy feel cheap. It was a shame they were leaving. Gee!

With avid and pitying interest the neighbors watched,—watched the men sling the pretty new furniture into the vans and struggle under the beautiful baby grand piano,—watched until the rag man had scraped up the last choice debris,—watched until the last load left—watched until Mrs. Randolph

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gave a final gingerly pat to the many, many dainty dresses laid for safe-carrying on the rear seat of Bunny's coupe,—watched as she settled herself wearily against the little, fat brown friend as the latter shifted into gear.

THEN:

Over came the Italian shoemaker,—the handsome, gentle, diffident shoemaker, with the big, beseeching, tragic, child-eyes and the soft, alluring voice and manners. Out came the neighbors.

"I sorry you go," ventured Tony shyly. "I so sorry. You fine lady. Your husband—he fine man. I sorry." (It is impossible to describe the inflection of his tone). "No more nice music."

His voice choked on the last phrase and water welled up in the gentle eyes. He shook his head dumbly and moved away.

"No more nice music.—I sorry you go."

"Aw, cheer up, Tony," Mrs. Heery attempted jocosely. "Come over an' git them tan shoes o' Mick's tonight an' you'll feel better. Mrs. Randolph ain't goin' so far away she can't come back sometimes, huh?" But her own hard Irish eyes filled with moisture just the same. "It's a darn shame you're movin' away, Mrs. Randolph. We'll miss you."

"Yea, we will that," vouchsafed Mrs. O'Kelley honestly. "Seems like it's kind o' hard to part, we got so used to you."

"May-be when you're down this way sometimes,—shoppin' or on your way to the Tubes or somethin' you'll stop in sometimes, huh?"

"Yea, an' play fer us a little, huh? I guess I could scare up a cup o' tea an' a little grub,—some o' them sausages an' a little o' that pickle you liked so much, yea?"

"Well, good-bye and good-luck to you!"

And all along the block, they waved and called good-bye as Mrs. Randolph kissed her hand to the charming nest which love had made so dear, and took a last look at her beautiful, little home,—her first home with her husband.

A gray day.—A gray day in a rainy month, mist and sadness everywhere,—sadness and regret.

* * *

Just days.

So the Girl Marries

(*Continued from page* 193)

Absence, too, resulted in the unexpected increase in Parent-valuation. Mother was enshrined and worshipped by the absent Girl; no longer was she merely convenient and at times in the way. She was desperately adored. Even Father took on unaccustomed im-

VIRGINIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

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Special training in Insurance, Social Service, Nursing and Hospital Work.
Normal, Commercial, Music, Domestic Science, Missionary Training Class.
Evening classes, correspondence course. Degrees offered. C. H. PARRISH, President.

portance and dignity and found new place in the scheme of things. We both felt quite set up.

Then graduation and a Woman appeared in the family. A sudden woman—sedate, self-contained, casual, grown; with a personality—with wants, expenses, plans. "There will be a caller tonight."—"Tomorrow night I'm going out."

It was a bit disconcerting, this transforming of a rubber ball of childish joy into a lady whose address was at your own house. I acquired the habit of discussing the world with this stranger—as impersonally and coolly as possible: teaching—travel—reading—art—marriage. I achieved quite a detached air, letting the domineering daddy burst through only at intervals, when it seemed impossible not to remark—"It's midnight, my dear," and "when is the gentleman going? You need sleep!"

MY part in Mate-selection was admittedly small but I flatter myself not altogether negligible. We talked the young men over—their fathers and grandfathers; their education; their ability to earn particular sorts of living; their dispositions. All this incidentally mind you—not didactically or systematically. Once or twice I went on long letter hunts for facts; usually facts were all too clear and only deductions necessary. What was the result? I really don't know. Sometimes I half suspect that the Girl arranged it all and that I was the large and solemn fly on the wheel. At other times I flatter myself that I was astute, secret, wise and powerful. Truth doubtless lurks between. So the Girl marries.

I remember the Boy came to me somewhat breathlessly one Christmas eve with a ring in his pocket. I told him as I had told others. "Ask her—she'll settle the matter; not I." But he was a nice boy. A rather unusual boy with the promise of fine manhood. I wished him luck. But I did not dare plead his cause. I had learned—well, I had learned.

Thus the world grew and blossomed and changed and so the Girl marries. It is the end of an era—a sudden break and beginning. I rub my eyes and readjust my soul. I plan frantically. It will be a simple, quiet ceremony—

"In a church, father!"

"Oh! in a church? Of course, in a church. Well, a church wedding would be a little larger, but——"

"With Countée's father and the Reverend Frazier Miller assisting."

"To be sure—well, that is possible and, indeed, probable."

"And there will be sixteen bridesmaids."

One has to be firm somewhere—

"But my dear! who ever *heard* of sixteen bridesmaids!'

"But Papa, there are eleven Moles, and five indispensables and Margaret—"

WHY argue? What has to be, must be; and this evidently had to be. I struggled faintly but succumbed. Now with sixteen bridesmaids and ten ushers must go at least as many invited guests.

You who in travail of soul have struggled with the devastating puzzle of selecting a small bridge party out of your total of twenty-five intimate friends, lend me your sympathy! For we faced the world-shattering problem of selecting for two only children, the friends of a pastor with twenty-five years service in one church; and the friends of a man who knows good people in forty-five states and three continents. I may recover from it but I shall never look quite the same. I shall always have a furtive feeling in my soul. I know that at the next corner I shall meet my Best Friend and remember that I forgot to invite him. Never in all eternity can I explain. How can I say: "Bill, I just forgot you!" Or "My *dear* Mrs. Blubenski, I didn't remember where on earth you were or indeed if you were at all or ever!" No, one can't say such things. I shall only stare at them pleadingly, in doubt and pain, and slink wordlessly away.

Thirteen hundred were bidden to the marriage and no human being has one thousand three hundred friends! Five hundred came down to greet the bride at a jolly reception which I had originally planned for twenty-five. Of course, I was glad they were there. I expanded and wished for a thousand. Three thousand saw the marriage and a thousand waited on the streets. It was a great pageant; a heart-swelling throng; birds sang and Melville Charlton let the organ roll and swell beneath his quivering hands. A sweet young voice sang of Love; and then came the holy:

"Freudig gefuert, Ziehet dahin!"

THE symbolism of that procession was tremendous. It was not the mere marriage of a maiden. It was not simply the wedding of a fine young poet. It was the symbolic march of young and black America. America, because there was Harvard, Columbia, Smith, Brown, Howard, Chicago, Syracuse, Penn and Cornell. There were three Masters of Arts and fourteen Bachelors. There were poets and teachers, actors, artists and students. But it was not simply conventional America—it had a dark and shimmering beauty all its own; a calm and high restraint and sense of new power; it

An Established RIGHT *to* CONFIDENCE

Twenty Ninth Annual Report
of
The NATIONAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF WASHINGTON, D.C.
December 31, 1927

The consolidated balance sheet below shows, in totals more impressive than any ever before rendered by a Negro business institution, the financial condition of this Company on the eve of its entry into this its Thirtieth Anniversary Year.

Assets of nearly six millions, with insurance in force exceeding seventy millions, seem in themselves to amply warrant the naming of the Company as "the greatest Negro business enterprise in the world"; a name which, won by the honorable effort of thirty years, we naturally take great pride in.

But it is not these impressive totals themselves that is the important thing. The really important thing is the measure of actual, concrete benefit which they represent.

And the measure of that benefit, of that service, to the Race is the measure of the importance of this Company, and is its real title to the name of the Race's greatest business enterprice.

As a result of the concentrated power of these millions flowing through Negro business channels, not only are hundreds of thousands of Negro men and women, and their children, protected and safeguarded but the whole economic structure of Negro life is buttressed and girdered, and the range of Opportunity for Negroes is broadened and amplified.

The resources of this Company constitute a great trust fund, made up of the pennies and the dollars of a vast cross-section of our Race. They are held and administered as a trust of the most sacred kind in the interest of the individual and the Race, and they form one of its most effective means of advancement.

Add your dollars to the flow of other Negro dollars through Negro business channels for your own protection and advantage and the future of your children.

R. H. Rutherford
President.

ASSETS

Real Estate Owned	$1,138,272.53
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	217,777.53
Collateral Loans	91,100.00
Policy Loans and Premium Notes	616,872.93
Bonds and Stocks	1,265,918.80
Cash on Hand and in Banks	513,863.85
Net Due and Deferred Premiums	315,626.91
Interest and Rents due and Accrued	119,090.83
Policy Liens and Lien Account	1,531,733.19
All Other Assets	28,942.05
Total	$5,839,198.62

LIABILITIES

Legal Reserve on Policies	$3,526,132.00
Claims Pending and in Process of Settlement	113,824.04
Commissions, Fees, Rents and Expense Due and Accrued	44,549.03
Reserve for Taxes, Interest and Premiums Paid in Advance	85,681.91
Agents Security Deposit	44,124.45
Deferred Bond Purchase Payments & Bills Payable	592,649.51
All other Liabilities	8,818.32
Surplus to Policyholders	423,419.36
Total	$5,839,198.62

HIGH LIGHTS OF 1927

New Policies Issued	186,822	Interest and Rents	$148,209.77
Premium Income	$3,418,419.25	Matured Endowments	
Death Claims Paid	$598,427.82	Health and Disability Claims Paid	$435,436.40
New Insurance Issued	$39,183,998.00		

TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE~ ~ $73,897,069.00

was a new race; a new thought; a new thing rejoicing in a ceremony as old as the world. (And after it all and before it, such a jolly, happy crowd; some of the girls even smoked cigarettes!)

Why should there have been so much of pomp and ceremony—flowers and carriages and silk hats; wedding cake and wedding music? After all marriage in its essence is and should be very simple: a clasp of friendly hands; a walking away together of Two who say: "Let us try to be One and face and fight a lonely world together!" What more? Is that not enough? Quite; and were I merely white I should have sought to make it end with this.

BUT it seems to me that I owe something extra to an Idea, a Tradition. We who are black and panting up hurried hills of hate and hindrance—we have got to establish new footholds on the slipping by-paths through which we come. They must at once be footholds of the free and the eternal, the new and the enthralled. With all of our just flouting of white convention and black religion, some things remain eternally so—Birth, Death, Pain, Mating, Children, Age. Ever and anon we must point to these truths and if the pointing be beautiful with music and ceremony or bare with silence and darkness—what matter? The width or narrowness of the gesture is a matter of choice. That one will have it stripped to the essence. It is still good and true. This soul wants color with bursting cords and scores of smiling eyes in happy raiment. It must be as this soul wills. The Girl wills this. So the Girl marries.

W. E. B. D.

N.A.A.C.P.

(*Continued from page* 194)

the thousands of colored people who would wish to help the work of the N. A. A. C. P. materially but are unable to do so.

It is felt that so signal an act of faith in the work and the program of the N. A. A. C. P. and so generous a gift as is involved in a $500 subscription to the Association, merit special recognition. Accordingly the Association has arranged that a bronze plaque inscribed with the names of life members be kept on view at the National Office, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York. Furthermore, a small bronze medal has been made, to be presented to life members with appropriate ceremony on some public occasion.

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The Little Page

(*Continued from page* 195)

Each kind off to itself.
I love to go and watch her make
A long legged ginger man.
She cuts her ginger men alike,
And lays them on the pan,
And you can watch them brown.

She gives each one round eyes and nose,
And there they lie in little rows.
And then you buy your favorite one
When all the cooky men are done.
But that's not all I have to tell
About Miss Grenda's place.
A tall young man with coal black hair
And long nosed olive face
Sits by the door in snow white hat,
White coat and trowsers too,
And holds a bright green parrot up
That has a touch of blue.

The parrot walks along his arm
And gets against his cheek—
I wouldn't like that beak—
And nestles till the young man goes
To mind Miss Grenda's cooky rows.
This parrot really has its perch
That's way back in the store.
The young man takes it here to sleep—
That's what the perch is for.

And then I go on home again,
Eating my ginger man.
I'd like to keep him till I'm there—
It seems I never can.
I eat his long legs first.
That makes him look so bad,
I nibble then till he's all gone,
And I believe he's glad!

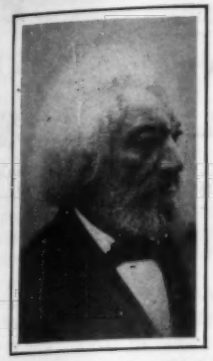
An Eclipse

WHEN the sun is going to arise,
Mrs. Moon just has shut her eyes.
Mr. Sun tries to kiss her lips,
And then we have a nice Eclipse.

By Nathan Burnett, Age 9.

Perhaps the Elves Must Say

WHO swung May blooms here at my door
And softly stole away—
Hepaticas, bloodroots galore—
Before the break of day?
Each flower's as dear as it can be,
And then that lovely mystery!
Who hung these violets from my door
And lightly stepped away?
I've asked this question once before.
Perhaps the elves must say.



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Along the Color Line

(*Continued from page* 201)

is: Whether or not 13,000 white colonists should have supreme control over 2,500,000 Africans who supply two thirds of the revenue. Major Church debated support for the Europeans in furnishing labor while Dr. Leys opposed this. Indians took part in the debate. Dr. Harold Lasky brought out the fact that the prosperity of West Africa and the poverty of East Africa is a question of ownership and rights over the land.

¶ Professor Kleine of Koch Institute has told the Berlin Medical Society that proper organization by colonial powers could exterminate sleeping sickness by purely medical means. The remedy known as Bayer 205 has been extraordinarily effective.

¶ Mrs. Laura Knight, A. R. A., has been exhibiting in the Lester Galleries of London drawings of different types of Africans. They are especially noted for their luminosity and luster in the tints of Negro skins.

Browsing Reader

(*Continued from page* 202)

demarcation that are found when we divide one biological species from another." *W. E. B. D.*

IN THE MAGAZINES

G. A. STEWART in *Social Forces* for March disputes the authenticity of the name, New Negro, in convincing terms. "The New Negro Hokum", says Mr. Stewart, approaches the *nth* degree of bunk and young black America is being "put over" on the gullible public in the greatest publicity stunt staged since the World War. He says Negroes are more articulate now than they were yesteryear; they have their own press; the columns of erudite monthlies and quarterlies are opening to them; and they are applauded when they speak, sing or dance. "But New Negro? Hardly!"

The same issue of *Social Forces* carries a report by Guy B. Johnson on the "Stock-Taking Conference on the Negro" held at Durham, North Carolina, December 7-9, 1927. The conference was attended by Negro churchmen, educators, journalists, social workers, manufacturers, business men, professional men—all types of workers—and was successful in stimulating thought upon the progress and status of the Negro.

Perhaps one of the most sagacious articles we have found on "The Race Problem in South Africa" appears in

(*Will you please turn to page* 213)

THE FAR HORIZON

A POET TO A POET

GREGORY O'CONNELL, a Canadian poet, writes:

I have just read "Color", that powerful book of poems from the genius-guided pen of Countée Cullen. No book of poetry has yet given me such pleasure, insight, and sheer joy. The poetic logic and philosophy of his verse is so happily wedded to beauty that his message struck me as irresistible. There is a grand ring to it.

A little result of my reading this book is the poem I send you herewith. Cullen has moved me to write it.

IF BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

Beauty is skin deep. Base lie,
You cause the poet's heart to cry,
And through his mind to seep
Rivulets of words that weep
On pages 'neath this pen.
While winds whip the sea, when
Dark clouds o'ercast the sky,
No blue is seen by the eye.

But, living in the mind,
Is that blue it can not find,
While Sight is lost in the storms
Of nature's outer forms.

If beauty is skin deep—
Then brain and soul are dead.

Shall color paint the mind
When seen by Sight, who's blind?
Does color touch the heart
Where Beauty's visions start?
Do birds of brightest plumage sing?
Does color weight the eagle's wing?

If beauty is skin deep—
Then life itself has fled.

THE MEANEST MAN

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON writes in the May *American Mercury:*

The meanest aspect of race prejudice is demonstrated by the person who goes about injecting the virus into other people. Suppose a man does need race-prejudice to bolster up his own self-esteem and sense of superiority, yet why must he consider it his duty to go around administering his nostrum to those who are getting on very well without it? I grant him his need but protest against his acting on the assumption that everybody else lacks what he lacks. The professional Southerner argues that anti-Negro prejudice is absolutely necessary for the preservation of Southern white civilization—whatever that may be worth—and there is a certain logic in what he says; for, given a fair chance, the Negro would make some changes in Southern white civilization and would at the same time, I think, make some improvements. But what logical reason can the professional Southerner give for crusading for anti-Negro prejudice like a good Mussulman carrying the faith of Islam by fire and sword to all the world? What is it in him that makes the sight of a solitary Negro sitting in a café in Paris or Berlin allow him no peace of

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mind until he has put forth every effort to have the black man kicked out? I admit he is a fanatic, but I also insist he is a vulgarian and a bounder.

BUNK

THE *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* writes:

As yet the Negro race is far more laden with bunk than the white race—bunk of all sorts and descriptions. Particularly, of course, religious bunk. All the religious superstitions cherished by white people—and then some!—are held even more vigorously and intensely by colored people. And in time of trial there is nothing on earth in which the colored man puts less faith or on which he puts less reliance, than the Christian church. No class turns more swiftly from the colored man in trouble than white ministers.

The Browsing Reader

(*Continued from page* 211)

the *International Review of Missions* for April. W. Aidan Cotton says that he does not ask that Africa shall be abandoned entirely to the Africans; but he thinks it would have been wiser if the British Commonwealth had directed emigration toward the empty spaces of Canada and Australia until the time approached that the relations of the primary races of the world were clearer than they are today.

Raymond L. Buell writes on "The Destiny of East Africa" for the April number of *Foreign Affairs*. The movement for white settlement in East and South Africa, he says, has acquired importance only in the Union, Rhodesia and Kenya. The settlers of Kenya, supported by England, are aiming to create a new dominion stretching from the Zambesi to the Nile. Theoretically, under the Treaty of Versailles and under a mandate from the League of Nations, the British Government is pledged to advance the social progress of the natives. But the Colonial office, even though it is responsible to Parliament for the fulfillment of obligations, does pretty much as it pleases with native problems, for it knows that no parliament will vote a ministry out of office on a colonial issue.

Mr. Buell also discusses "Mr. Firestone's Liberia" in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for May second. He says by accepting the Firestone concession and loan, Liberia has forestalled aggression from England and France and has stabilized American interests; but unless the State Department of the United States departs radically from the policy it has

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adopted in Latin America, it will soon find itself involved in defending American capital in Liberia.

The axiom "I am my brother's keeper" finds reason enough for its existence in an article in *The Literary Digest* for April 28 which says there are "No Jim Crow Laws for Germs". The lack of sanitation in a colored quarter often means disease in the bordering districts. Therefore, states the article, if only for purely selfish reasons, the general health, and sanitation of Negro districts should be safeguarded, for "Negroes may be successfully segregated, but germs laugh at barriers".

An interesting article on the "14th, 15th and 18th Amendments" by Sidney Southerland appears in *Liberty* for April 21. Mr. Southerland quotes several cases in the South involving the legal rights of the Negro and concludes that the letter of the law is usually carried out even if the spirit is always violated.

The first number of *Africa,* the journal of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, made its appearance in January. It is a large publication and academic in spirit. The first issue carried a detailed article on "African Negro Music" by E. M. von Hornbostel, in which the harmony, tonality and rhythm of African and European music is discussed and compared. Mr. von Hornbostel says that African music is not conceivable without dancing, African rhythm without drumming, nor are forms of African song conceivable without antiphony.

"Segregation of Negroes at the Evangelistic Meeting of Billy Sunday in St. Louis!" A blatant, red headline this! Even at the foot of the cross, we kneel apart—a dark, elusive throng. William Stewart Nelson in *The Sphere* for April discusses "Christianity and the American Negro", and comes to the conclusion that the Church is ceasing to be the most influential institution among Negroes because of the gross injustices perpetrated on them in this Christian country.

Zora Neale Hurston in the May *World Tomorrow* tells "How it Feels to be Colored Me" in an amusing, yet inherently earnest article. Miss Hurston says that she is not "tragically colored"—that there is no mysterious sorrow lurking behind the laughter in her eyes; but that she wears her race intelligently—lightly—like a gorgeous shawl—a clinging thing, body-molded, yet easily flung to vagrant winds.

Marvel Jackson

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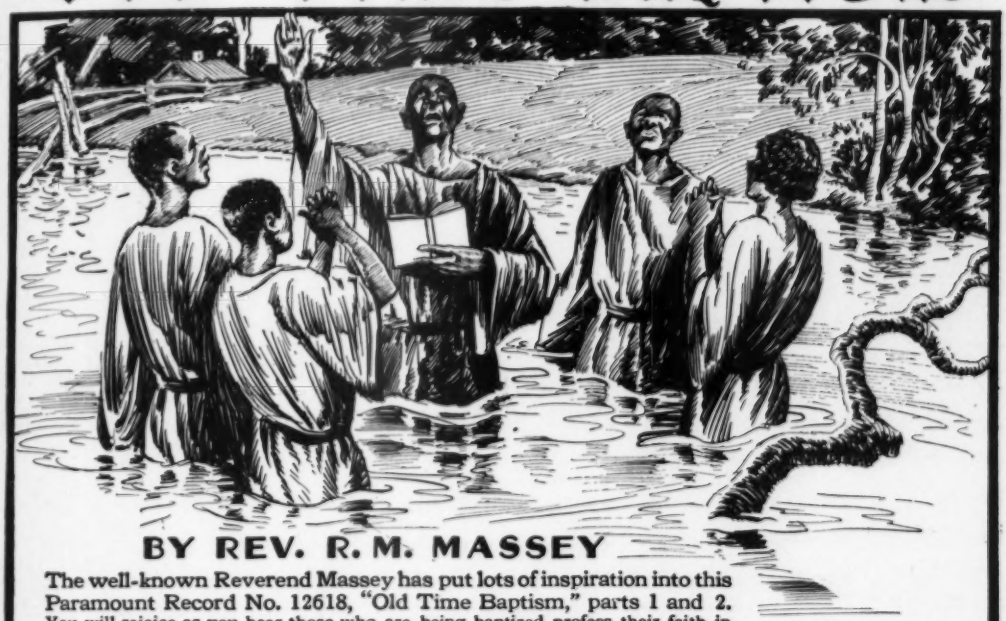
"Old Time Baptism"



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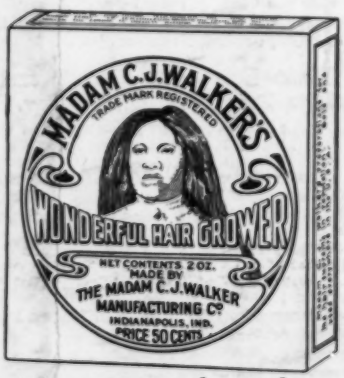

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